



*Pub.<sup>d</sup> by Cadell & Davies, Strand.*

*Hungarian Foot Soldier.*

AN  
ACCURATE AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE  
OF  
THE WAR,  
BY AN OFFICER OF THE GUARDS.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
COMPRISING THE  
CAMPAIGNS OF 1793, 1794,  
AND THE  
RETREAT THROUGH HOLLAND  
TO  
WESTPHALIA, IN 1795.  
INTRODUCING ALSO THE  
ORIGINAL POETICAL EPISTLES FROM HEAD-QUARTERS;  
*WITH COPIOUS NOTES THROUGHOUT.*

Circumstantially detailing every Material Occurrence that has taken  
place upon the CONTINENT.

THE THIRD EDITION, ENLARGED.

---

VOL. II.

---

*"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum."* VIRG.

---

London :

Printed for the Author.—Published by CADELL and DAVIES, Strand;  
And sold also by J. EDWARDS, Pall-Mall; T. EGERTON, at the Military Library, Whitehall; HOOKHAM and CARPENTER, and R. FAULDER, Bond-street; R. WHITE, Piccadilly; F. and C. RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and W. RICHARDSON, Royal-Exchange.

---

1796.



---

---

Entered at Stationers Hall.

---

---



---

# CONTENTS

TO  
VOLUME II.

---

LETTER I.	PAGE.
Account of the various Amusements in Winter Quarters, and a Description of a Ball given at Ghent, in honour of her BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY.....	1
LETTER II.	
A serious Alarm—A joyful Reprieve.....	9
LETTER III.	
Adieu to Ghent!—March towards the Frontiers.....	12
LETTER IV.	
A sorrowful Voyage—Return to the Continent.....	16
LETTER V.	
Imperial Review—Opening the Campaign—Successful Attacks—Head-Quarters in Flames—Investiture of Landrecies.....	21
LETTER VI.	
Description of the Aid de Camp's flud—General Attack on the covering Armies—Noble behaviour of the British Cavalry—General Mansel's fall—Clairfait's first check.....	31
LETTER VII.	
Surrender of Landrecies—A retrograde Movement—Absurd German Etiquette—A Thunder Storm—Its Effects.....	38
LETTER VIII.	
Attacks—Victories—Defeats—Wonderful Perils—Miraculous Escapes	47
LETTER IX.	
Pichegru's unsuccessful Attempts to invest Tournay—The Aid-de-Camp a better General than the Emperor—The Second Brigade of British Infantry dispossess the French of the Village of Pontachin, by Storm, and change the Fortune of the Day.....	63

LETTER X.

Timely evacuation of Tournay—Clairfait's defeats productive of general retrograde movements—Good Faith and Moderation of our Allies. .... 69

LETTER XI.

Evacuation of Flanders—Of Brabant— Junction of Lord Moira's Army—Visit from his Serene Highness, and the Orange Family—Soporific effects of a good Dinner—Affairs of Boxtel—Consequent Retreat across the Maes ..... 77

LETTER XII.

The Aid-de-Camp objects to a Winter's Campaign, and prepares to accompany his Royal Highness to England—Aspires to the Truncheon—Qualifications requisite to form a general Officer—The main Body of the Army crosses the Waal—Sortie from Nimeguen. Evacuation of the Place—Dutch Troops made Prisoners .... 91

Narrative of the Retreat through Holland to Westphalia, in the years 1794, and 1795..... 105





---

A  
SKETCH  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1794.

---

LETTER I.

*From Capt. JOHN ———, of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief's  
Family, to Capt. THOMAS ———, Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE's  
favorite Aid-de-Camp in England.*

*Containing an Account of the various Amusements in Winter Quarters, and a  
Description of a Ball given at Ghent, in Honour of her  
BRITANNIC MAJESTY's BIRTH DAY.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, Jan. 20, 1794.

IN England, alas! I've no kind hearted fair  
To greet me with smiles, and a welcome prepare;  
No LUCY to dazzle my sight with her charms,  
To meet me at Dover,\* and fly to my arms.  
Yet envy has never once enter'd my breast,  
And I truly rejoice that my friend is so blest'd;  
Inferior our pleasures, yet still I'm content,  
With the trifling amusements afforded by Ghent.

---

\* Alluding to a letter, *suppressed*, from Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE's favourite Aid-de-Camp, to his friend, upon his landing at Dover.



The reception\* we met with, I needs must confess,  
 Lack'd much of their wonted extoll'd politesse;  
 Till finding JOHN BULL on his rights would insist,  
 The Ghentois agreed 'twas in vain to persist.  
 "Que faire? ces Anglais sont des Gens entetés!"  
 And wide flew their doors without further delay,  
 Dripping wet our poor men obtain'd roofs o'er their heads,  
 And tasted once more the enjoyment of beds.  
 Good barracks† and beef will their vigor restore,  
 And make them as stout as our Britons of yore;

---

\* When the guards marched through Ghent on their way to join Prince COBOURG's army in April 1793, they were ushered into the town by bells ringing from every steeple, amidst the loudest acclamations of their habitants. The Noblesse were anxious to have officers quartered upon their houses, and overwhelmed them with civilities. The places of public amusement were thrown open, and *ridottos* given to welcome the British troops, and pay a proper compliment to their Commander in Chief. It must however be recollected, they were *then* birds of passage; far different was the reception they met with on the 16th of December when they entered the town to take up their settled winter quarters, after a fatiguing march in rainy weather. Many of the officers might have passed the night in the open streets, had they not forcibly made their quarters good.

† The barracks at Ghent were extremely commodious, and it was no little luxury to the poor soldiers to find themselves in such snug and comfortable births, after toiling through a severe and harassing Campaign; at the close of which, the tents, pitched upon marshy ground, were generally, owing to the frequent and heavy rains, half full of water. They had recovered surprisingly at Tournay, but at Ghent the sick list decreased daily.

But let me, dear TOM, ere I finish my scrawl,  
 An outline attempt of our elegant ball.  
 For a fortnight preceding this grand celebration,  
 Our bustling denoted *superb* preparation :  
 What profusion of pheasants and woodcocks were seen,  
 That render'd their lives up, to honour the Queen ;  
 All the streets round Head Quarters with feathers were  
     strewn'd,  
 And many a mother bewail'd her fond brood.  
 F——x anxious that all should be perfectly nice,  
 Lent, both his French Cook, and his friendly advice ;  
 But what guests should be bidden, and where draw the  
     line  
 Were delicate questions, and hard to define.  
 At length 'twas decreed, \* Countess M—R—Y should fix  
 Who were worthy with so many Grandees to mix,  
 An Aid-de-Camp post was immediately sent  
 To crave her advice, *Supreme Ruler* of Ghent.  
 Without any distinction, she said that each friend  
 Of her own, and the Bishop's†, was fit to attend :

---

\* Countess M—R—Y gave very elegant weekly parties,  
 and was regarded as the leader of fashion and etiquette at  
 Ghent. Cards and dancing took their turns alternately, but  
 upon a hint from the Duke, the tables were order'd to the  
 lumber garret, and the fiddlers were decreed a permanent sit-  
 ting every Wednesday Evening. Her husband was an old  
 general officer in the Emperor's service, and either Deputy  
 Governor of the Town, or officiating in that capacity,

† The Bishop of Ghent commenced his career as a *Soldier*,  
 and though he had exchanged the sword for the crozier, he still  
 retained a natural partiality for the military, and contributed

But the Bourgeois, mechanical filthy Cannaille,  
Must all be excluded, to do things *in style*.

JACK M—R—Y was voted M. C. for the night,  
As then we were certain that all would be right ;  
What man for the station so proper could be ?  
So active, well bred, or so graceful as he ?  
A grand feu-de-joie in the morning was fir'd,  
By horse and by foot, which was greatly admired ;  
It smoothly went off, indeed how could we doubt it,  
When Sir J—M—M—'s successor, *such pains* took about it.  
He shew'd them the method to march, form and wheel,  
Till he blunted his pen\*, though the point was of steel !

The Ball-room was crowded with fashion at night,  
And the *coup d'œil* fill'd ev'ry one's heart with delight.  
For there's something in women, when set off by dress,  
More exquisite far than I've words to express ;  
And surely that poet no judgment could boast,  
Who said, unadorn'd beauty triumphs the most.

much to the amusement of the officers in garrison, by pleasant Sunday parties. A general invitation for the ball, had been given to all those ladies and gentlemen of the town who were admitted to his house ; but as it was afterwards thought necessary to issue tickets, in the hurry of inserting names, many, who would have been included in the *general invitation*, were overlooked.

\* The line marched through the Bruges-Gate, and was formed on the banks of the Canal, with the cavalry on the flanks. The orders given for this purpose by General C—G, were full as long as those issued by Prince COBOURG, to the different columns of the Austrians, advancing to attack Famars.



After all our precautions you'll scarcely believe  
 The Directress a little Bourgeoise\* should perceive ;  
 Yet such was the fact, and upright stood each feather,  
 While she and her name-fake consulted together.  
 All the company shewing strong marks of surprize,  
 On the handsome intruder at once fix'd their eyes ;  
 Some declar'd that the room, like her husband's own shop,  
 Smelt strong of the true *Affa Fœtida* drop.  
 JACK M—R—Y at length, though it gave him great pain,  
 As his duty requir'd, undertook to explain ;  
 And advanc'd with a minuet step, to declare  
 He was sorry to *think*, she'd no right to be there.  
 This created a bustle and whisp'ring about,  
 And at length the poor Drug-seller's wife was turn'd out ;  
 JACK made his report in due form, with a bow,  
 And a smile of delight smooth'd the Countess's brow.  
 The Deputy M. C. well pleas'd, undertook  
 Round the room with the utmost attention to look ;  
 To smell out *Bourgeois*, and to keep the coast clear,  
 By the help of a strapping raw-bon'd Grenadier ;

---

\* The wife of an Apothecary at Ghent, obtained a ticket from one of the officers quartered upon her husband's house : but as the Noblesse and the Bourgeois move in different spheres, her appearance was construed into an insult to the Aristocratic blood of all those, who related in the most distant degree to a Count, or Marquis, enrolled themselves under the banners of nobility. The dismissal of this little intruder, was attended with rather unpleasant consequences to the officers in garrison, as they had previously been admitted to the Bourgeois assemblies, but were afterwards universally excluded, and deprived of many other pleasant parties.



And with perfect sang froid bowing, shew'd to the street,  
An unfortunate stranger \* he happen'd to meet :

'Tis needless to say, who and who danc'd together,  
How they glanc'd at the fashions, and talk'd of the  
weather ;

My partner lisp'd small talk, I heartily thank her,  
As glibly as those at the Crown and the Anchor.  
At Brighton, at Tunbridge, at Bath, or ALMACK's,  
There was never a greater display of click clacks ;  
While *Cogremont* shew'd off her elegant paces,  
Pr—ce J——N gaz'd, entranc'd, on such numberless  
graces ;

And many a fair one from Brussels was seen,  
Overloaded with wishes of life to the Queen†.  
Like Dervizes, all these fair *Flammandes* gain force,  
In the *Valtz*‡, as they spin in their whirligig course :  
So rapid their motions, the sharp-sighted lover  
In vain tries his favourite's face to discover.

\* This gentleman, (an Emigrant of some rank) was enquiring the way to the supper-room, when a door was pointed out leading to the street, which he was told would convey him to the place he was in search of ; nor was it till he was fairly handed down stairs by the guards, that he discovered this tormenting piece of wit, intended to exclude him from the entertainment, as he was supposed to have intruded without a ticket.

† Most of the ladies, in compliment to his Royal Highness, appeared in scarlet fashes, and ornaments streaming from their head dresses, with the motto of "*Vive la Reine*," embroidered upon them.

‡ A favourite German dance, usually introduced at the Balls and Ridottos in Flanders.

Tho' I mention it last, of our pleasures not least,  
 The supper\* at length was announc'd; such a feast!  
 Grenadiers made their entré with each a hot dish,  
 And seem'd for a taste most devoutly to wish:  
 'Midst pyramids, figures, and tropes emblematic,  
 Each dainty was serv'd up, land, air, and aquatic:  
 The wines of all sorts were acknowledg'd the best,  
 And gave to the whole a most excellent zest.

I wish'd from my heart you'd been here, but, no doubt,  
 While with Lucy in England, such pleasures you scout;  
 And who can expect that she'll lengthen your chain,  
 Till Mars calls us forth to the bustling Campaign.  
 The —— stays in Ghent but a few days at most,  
 And PR—C—E J—N†, in his absence, of course rules  
 the roast;

\* After supper the merry dance was renewed, and continued till the Matin bells were heard to toll; harsh sounds, which hurried the gay damsels, bedizened as they were from the animating Ball-Room, to the gloomy Cloister, from their sprightly partners, to the rigid Monks.

† His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief quitted Ghent Feb. 6, and though Pr—ce J—N, in his absence, did the honours at head-quarters, the late Sir WILLIAM ERSKINE commanded the troops in garrison, and often entertained them with little sprightly dances. At one of these a ludicrous circumstance occurred. Not being able to procure partners for the ladies, an orderly serjeant was dispatched to tell all the officers he met, that the Commandant wanted them immediately. The message being accidentally delivered to some of the *heavy cavalry*, they hastened to their quarters, and pulled on their

I still shall remain, as we're certain to find  
 Winter Quarters delightful, his taste's so refin'd;  
 And now, my dear TOM, I must hasten to dress,  
 Remaining your's truly, as words can express.

---

Jack-boots and spurs:—Thus equipped, they were introduced to the ladies, to the great annoyance of silk gowns and Brussels lace.

Such were the innocent amusements of winter quarters; and happy would it have been, had they been the only ones adopted for destroying the cankering Tyrant, TIME; but it could hardly be expected, that the dice-box would remain totally neglected, when so many idle hours intruded; hazard tables were kept, Pharo and all his Host, marched into Ghent, in the rear of the army, and many a thoughtless youth, may rue the ravages they made.



---

## LETTER II.

From Miss LUCY's favourite *Aid-de-Camp* in England, to Capt. JOHN —,  
at Ghent.

*A serious Alarm—A joyful Reprieve.*

PICCADILLY, Feb. 16, 1794.

AN idea was started, dear JACK, t'other night,  
Which put your poor friend in a terrible fright :  
\* I felt all my greatness and happiness flown,  
As you well may suppose, when the reason is known ;  
'Twas with confidence stated our Chief would remain  
On this side the water th' ensuing Campaign.  
And PITT (*entres nous*) it was pointedly hinted,  
Tow'rd's the Marquis† from India, had frequently  
squinted.

All things put together, bets ran five to four,  
The —— would return to the army no more ;  
Nay, a council had even been call'd to determine,  
If again we should march to extirpate the vermin.  
My sufferings I will not pretend to relate,  
I flew out from BROOKES's, and curs'd my hard fate :  
Not LUCY herself could my anguish allay,  
Tho' she look'd most alluringly handsome that day !

---

\* *Egotism*, as natural to an *Aid-de-Camp*, as *Epicurism*.

† It was generally thought that Lord C—RN—W—L—IS, who returned from the East, about this period, would have been sent to the Continent as Commander in Chief, in case his Royal Highness had not returned.



But neither her smiles nor the bottle, could cure  
 The pangs of suspense, I was doom'd to endure.  
 All night long I tofs'd to and fro in my bed,  
 Those five cursed words never out of my head.  
 " *The* — \* *stays at home*," and you'll readily think  
 Their magic prevented my sleeping a wink :  
 But joy, my dear Messmate, the die has been cast,  
 We're firm in the saddle in spite of what's past.

PITT harrangued, and declar'd should his Highness by  
 chance,  
 Fall into the hands of these Miscreants of France;  
 From the thoughts of what madness might urge them  
 to do,  
 He shrunk, and the picture held up to his view,  
 Shew'd the K—G, and the Nation deploring the fate  
 Of the Champion now safe, and the cause of debate.  
 " True, PITT," said our S-V-GN, " but happen what may,  
 " His laurels shall never be wrested away.  
 " A noble example to Britons! again,  
 " He shall lead them to glory—new conquests obtain."  
 The sound of *Reprieve*, never brought more relief,  
 At New Drop, to the soul of a hemp-collar'd thief,  
 More joy, not the bursts of applause could convey  
 To an author, awaiting the fate of his play,

---

\* The Aid-de-Camp does not appear to have the least idea of his Royal Highness being appointed Field Marshal on the Home Staff, or he must have been aware, that all those enjoyments to which he appears so peculiarly attached, would have been kept up amidst the refinements of London, and enjoyed with a double relish.

No alderman could be more highly elated,  
 Than was felt by your friend when this news was related !  
 At the thoughts of rich turtle, or snug ven'son feast,  
 Which he eats in idea, three days at the least.  
 To BROOKES's I hasten'd in high exultation,  
 And triumphantly took a conspicuous station ;  
 With raptures beheld all the knowing ones pay  
 The odds they had vauntingly ventur'd to lay.  
 You soon may expect us, as JOHN BULL again  
 Is panting to hear of our second Campaign :  
 By the bye can you give me a hint of MACK's\* plan,  
 The papers are full of that wonderful man,  
 It seems he's to sit at the helm in the spring,  
 And success to our arms by his talents must bring.  
 Well, something most brilliant, I trust, will be done,  
 And ourselves have a share in the glory that's won,  
 But not in the danger : we know better things,  
 Adieu for the present—the dinner-bell rings.

---

\* General MACK had been, about this period, appointed Quarter Master General to the Austrian army, under the command of Prince COBOURG. It was generally thought, his plan for penetrating into the interior, would have been successful, had a sufficient force been left to *mask* Lille, and protect West Flanders from invasion. Fatal experience has shewn, that while that fortress is in the hands of the enemy, such schemes are chimerical in the extreme.

General MACK had been dispatched to consult with the Cabinet of St. James's, and the British Commander in Chief, on the feasibility of his proposals ; and much was naturally expected from his well-known abilities as an Engineer.

---

### LETTER III.

*From Captain JOHN —, Aid-de-Camp, at Ghent, &c. &c. to Captain THOMAS —, Miss LUCY's favourite Aid-de-Camp in England.*

*Adieu to Ghent! — March towards the Frontiers.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, GHENT, Feb. 22, 1794.

FULL long in the scabbard hath rusted the blade;  
To the terror of Frenchmen it now is display'd;  
Our banners triumphantly wave in the air,  
And fill every Carmagnol's heart with despair.  
The trumpet re-echoes its warlike alarms,  
The fife shrilly sounds, and the drum beats to arms.  
To morrow\* we leave all the good folks of Ghent,  
With whom so much time hath been pleasantly spent;

---

\* In consequence of a report that the French were collecting in force on the Frontiers, the first detachment from the brigade of guards, amounting to 800 men, under the command of Col. DRUMMOND, marched from Ghent to Courtray, Feb. 16; and on the 22d, a second detachment of 200, marched to St. Eloi Vive, and proceeded the next day to join them. The whole brigade assembled at Courtray on the 24th. Those regiments of cavalry, which had been in winter quarters with them, were cantoned in the villages of Desselgem, Beveren, Roasbeke, Wartegem, Sweveghem, and others in the neighbourhood. The second brigade had been in winter quarters only one month, at Oudenarde; from whence they also advanced by detachments.

The most formidable preparations appeared to have been made by the French. The army of the North received a re-



The Bishop's snug parties will ne'er be forgot,  
 Wherever we ramble, whatever our lot,  
 Poor F—x ! your French Cook must now scamper away,  
 You give up nice dishes, he gives up good pay ;  
 As to part with your Louis, you never yet griev'd,  
 Provided your stomach said "*value receiv'd*."  
 Pr—c—e J—N, lucky fellow, remains in the town ;  
 Left the barracks should after our march, be pull'd down,  
 For the Ghentois, you know, are a riotous set,  
 And its well if we safe from their clutches can get.  
 In a squabble last night, a First Guardsman\* was slain,  
 And we still apprehend they may rise up again.

---

inforcement of 15,000 men from that of the Moselle ; a still greater number from the army of La Vendé, and 20,000 recruits from the Requisitions, enabling PICHEGRU to muster 220,000 men. Those of the Rhine, Alps, and Pyrenees, were also reorganized, making a grand total of 780,000 *Requisitionists* in arms (according to the returns given in by the War Minister,) exclusive of those in the neighbourhood of Paris. The following laconic *Epistle* was forwarded to Prince COBOURG, from the French Commander in Chief on his taking the Field ———

“ General,

I summon you, in the name of the French Republic, to give up *immediately* Le Quesnoi, Condé, and Valenciennes ; or be assured I shall attack and vanquish you.

(Sign'd)

PICHEGRU.”

\* Some butchers accused the soldiers of having stolen meat from their shops, and a riot ensued, in which a private of the first guards was mortally wounded.



Each Aid-de-Camp soon may expect some snug place,  
 To comfort his age, and to keep him *in case*;  
 No matter if forc'd like his — — to toil,  
 In a *dung hill* his delicate fingers to foil?  
 He'll soon get them sweet, as — justly supposes,  
 With essence of vi'lets, and otto of roses.  
 Now C—G in the room of Sir J—M—IE we see,  
 While CR—W—F—RD signs thus with a *dash*; D.A.G. }  
 And H—R—Y appears *Deputy's Deputy*.  
 With so noble a staff to despond is absurd,  
 We shall drive all before us, rely on my word:  
 On Bourbon's void throne, shall establish a King,  
 And the Democrats down on their marrow-bones bring;  
 Vive le Roi will resound thro' each Rûe de Paris,  
 And the grand Monarque greater than ever shall be.  
 For as PITT has agreed for the Prussians\* to pay, }  
 Thirty thousand at least are to join us they say,  
 And the Kaifers receive reinforcements each day. }

---

\* In the month of February, several skirmishes had taken place in the neighbourhood of Manheim and Oggersheim, and the King of Prussia made an offer of augmenting his army on the Rhine, to 80,000 men, upon condition that the Empire would maintain that army, and furnish it with daily rations of bread and forage; threatening at the same time, to withdraw all his forces in case of refusal, excepting his contingent of 20,000 men, which, as a *German Prince*, he was obliged to furnish. The French, upon these preparations, fell back upon the Duchy of *Deux-Ponts*; and the Imperialists, Saxons, and Hesse Darmstadt troops protected the Banks of the Rhine from the lines of Weissenberg to Mentz.

The centre of the grand army under Prince COBOURG, covered Condé, Valenciennes, and Le Quesnoi. The right,

Adieu—to fair LUCE, my best wishes present,  
And those of her num'rous acquaintance at Ghent.

---

under CLAIRFAIT, was protected by Tournay, Orchies, and Marchiennes, the left covering Mons and Charleroi. The British occupied Courtray and the neighbourhood—Hanoverians and Hessians, Furnes, Yypres, Menin, and Nieuport; and a strong Cordon commanded by the Austrian General BEAULIEU, extended from the Banks of the *Meuse* to Luxemburg.

---

## LETTER IV.

*From Capt. THOMAS —, to Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE\*.  
A sorrowful Voyage—Return to the Continent.*

HEAD QUARTERS, COURTRAY,  
March 5, 1794.

AH! why did ambition take post in my breast,  
Why dazzle my eyes with her tinfelly charms?  
Belov'd by my Fair, I supremely was blest,  
Till the smiles of a Prince lur'd me, Fool! from her arms.

Thus musing, I dwelt with a Hermit's devotion,  
On the rapturous pleasures so lately we knew,  
While the ship plough'd its course o'er the turbulent ocean,  
And LUCY's fair image was torn from my view.

Ah then, how I long'd for a pipe and a crook!  
Some lambs, and my charmer to pen them at night:  
The pomps of this world in my thoughts I forfook,  
And fancied a shepherd's a life of delight.

My pencil I snatch'd, and compos'd such a Sonnet!  
A Sonnet on Absence, address'd to my Fair;  
When ÆOLUS gave at one puff—fie upon it,  
My wonderful effort of genius to air.

And perhaps 'tis as well, for so moving a strain,  
Must have clearly brought on your hysterics again.

---

\* The subsequent letters are invariably from the Aid-de-Camp, to Miss Lovegrove.



Perchance, by some Mermaid remov'd to their palace,  
 'Twas ferv'd up to Neptune and fair Amphithrite,  
 And must sure, if conn'd over without spleen or malice,  
 Have giv'n to their Majesties wondrous delight.

Such AHS!—and such OHS! so pathetic, sublime;  
 (Tho' bordering a little, I own on the whine;)  
 Great CRUSCA himself would have worshipp'd the rhyme,  
 And YENDA in raptures, have hail'd it divine:

Mild YENDA! in Sonnets allow'd to excell,  
 As APOLLO declar'd, thro' his High Priest JOHN BELL.

By the cry of Ostend, I was rous'd from my trance,  
 And the frigate beheld to the shore drawing near;  
 The Duke gave his orders post haste to advance,  
 And in safety a very few hours brought us here.

At sight of old *messmates*, forgive the sensation,  
 I felt ev'ry sorrow and care hush'd to rest,  
 Away to the winds went each sigh of vexation,  
 And the HERO conspicuous again stood confess'd.

To my favourite mules I paid wond'rous attention,  
 Rejoic'd to behold them recover'd once more;  
 When we parted, you've often with grief heard me mention  
 The state of their backs, gall'd and terribly fore.

Advance when we may, you perceive we're prepar'd,  
 Ammunition de bouche, ammunition de guerre:  
 The fatigues of the battle are soonest repair'd,  
 By the aid of good liquors and excellent fare.

On that head they'll give us no cause to complain,  
Nay, we mean to improve on our former \* Campaign.

---

\* Experimentum docet—and now that we are upon the subject, there were many valuable improvements made upon the last Campaign; the first and most essential was, the *Spring Waggon*, for the conveyance of the sick and wounded. How many poor wretches in 1793, were dragged for miles in miserable Flemish carts, constructed upon the most awkward principles; in one of which, a man, even in high health, would feel every joint nearly dislocated, as he was jolted over the *paved roads*. What then must have been the sufferings of our fellow creatures, snorting under the excruciating torments of gunshot wounds! A further improvement might be made upon these inestimable waggons, by constructing them so as to let down at the sides, and by taking a hint from *our enemies*. The French have in the line of march, with every corps, *flying hospitals*, (*Hospitaux Ambulants*) where the surgeons have their medicine chests and instruments arranged. Small hammocks are slung one above another along the sides, forming births, something similar to those on board the English Packet Boats, no matter how close, provided the patients do not touch. In these large *covered waggons* a certain number of wounded men can be comfortably accommodated, and the surgeons perform the nicest operations if necessary, the body of the carriage being suspended upon well-constructed springs, so that little or no inconvenience arises from motion.

In 1793, the soldier was loaded like a batt-horse, carrying on a march, his tent-poles, camp-kettle, and canteens, as well as knapsack, haversack, and blanket. We took a useful lesson from the Austrians, and removed the kettles and poles to the backs of the beasts of burthen. The luxury of the Austrian Great Coat had also been attended to in 1794, and that useful addition to the appointments of the British Soldier was adopted.

The month of March was passed in preparations for hostilities, and of course, as the Allies had advanced, some trivial skir-

Cheer up then, my girl, hang repining and sorrow,  
 We soldiers in love to a proverb are true,  
 Should my heart be assail'd by new beauties to morrow,  
 T'would brave all attacks, for it yielded to you.

misbes took place. On the 26th, a party of Major RAMSAY'S corps, (called the York Chasseurs) were attacked at the outposts near Courtray, by 250 of the enemy: only 80 of the rangers were engaged. The French were repulsed with considerable slaughter, and 40 prisoners taken. On the 26th, the British marched from Courtray, and were cantoned at Hannon, St. Amand, and the neighbourhood. The Austrians at the same time, had advanced to Le Cateau. On the 27th, their outposts were attacked in force, and on the first onset obliged to fall back; when two battalions from the main body moving forwards, supported by a squadron of cavalry, the French were repulsed with considerable loss, stated at 584 killed, 60 prisoners, and 5 pieces of cannon. The King of Prussia at this period, to the astonishment of all Europe, issued orders to his army to retreat, leaving only 20,000 men (his contingent) at the Emperor's disposal, and the van of his army had actually filed off towards *Cologne*. This manœuvre had the desired effect upon the British Cabinet, as they immediately closed with the demand, this wily Monarch made upon them, for an enormous subsidy (£.1,200,000.) In return for which, he faithfully promised to send into the field 90,000 effective men, 32,000 to co-operate with the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK: 20,000 to be in the pay of the Emperor, and the remaining 38,000, to act with the rest of the Prussians, on the Upper Rhine.

On the 8th of April, accounts were received from Count WALMODEN, that the enemy having surprized the Hessians, between Wervicke and Ypres, got behind the Hanoverian picquets, and cut off their retreat; but a reinforcement arriving from *Menin*, they were driven back, and forced to recross the



Still Venus, dear Goddess! I bow at thy shrine,  
Still dwell on thy joys tho' the drums loudly rattle,  
Stern Mars, I can never entirely be thine,  
But on LUCY shall think in the heat of the battle.

---

Lys. The Hanoverians lost 3 officers, and 143 men, who were swept off from their out-posts.

On the 9th, the British approached *Valenciennes*, and the guards were cantoned in the village of St. Leger, within two miles and a half of that fortress. On the 10th, they moved to Vendegies sur l'Escaillon, between Quesnoi and Le Cateau Cambresis.

---

## LETTER V.

*Imperial Review—Opening the Campaign—Successful Attacks—Head Quarters  
in Flames—Investiture of Landrecies.*

HEAD QUARTERS, CATEAU April. 20, 1794.

DEAR LUCY! how much 'twill rejoice you to hear,  
With a victory, girl, we've commenc'd our career;  
That Francis himself, the great Carmagnol teizer,  
The conquering descendant of Conqueror Cæsar!  
Whose presence we're told makes his enemies\* tremble,  
Came post to behold the invaders assemble.  
His intention expressing the truncheon to wield,  
And lead his brave Veterans forth to the field;  
Announcing his wish all the troops to review,  
And to brush up *our men*, gave us something to do.

Believe me, was even a BARRY to paint  
The scene that ensued, his rich tints would seem feint.  
And the pen of a COWPER could scarcely convey  
An idea of such a refulgent display, }  
As the different nations in battle array.  
A COWPER! I sigh as my pen forms a name,  
By his merits advanc'd in the annals of fame;

---

\* When the Emperor arrived on the 9th of April at Brussels, the Municipality presented the keys of the City to his Majesty, at the Gate of Louvain, on which had been previously affixed in large characters, this inscription, "Cæsar adest, timent Galli."

Whose mind richly stor'd to perfection arriv'd.  
 And then, weep *ye nine*, was of judgment depriv'd !  
 The British were form'd near the town of Cateau\*,  
 Contributing fully their share to the shew.  
 Near Valenciennes the right of *our cavalry*† join'd  
 The Kaiferliche under Prince COBOURG combin'd ;  
 Who thence bearing down by the Scheldt for Condé,  
 Completed the Cordon towar'ds Lille and Cambray.  
 While *Launwitz* from Bavais extended his line,  
 With intention the French in Maubeuge to confine.

---

\* On the 16th of April, the British moving from Vendegies and its vicinity, towards Le Cateau Cambresis to take the field, halted, and forming about four in the afternoon, were reviewed by the Emperor : after which they advanced to the ground which had been previously marked out for their encampment, on the heights beyond Le Cateau, pitching their tents about midnight. The cavalry were without their due allowance of tents the two or three first days, and were ordered this Campaign to carry two days forage instead of one, as they had done in 1793: the hay was made up after the manner of the Austrians, balanced on each side of the horse, instead of being packed up neatly behind. This might perhaps save the Commissaries trouble and expence ; but it certainly was extremely inconvenient to the rider, and the horses being previously *overloaded*, by no means relished this additional burthen.

† Consisting of the following regiments of heavy Cavalry ; Royal Horse Guards or Blues ; 1st, or King's Dragoon Guards, 2d ditto ; 3d ditto ; 5th ditto ; 6th ditto ; or Carabineers ; 1st Dragoons or Royals ; 2d ditto or Scotch Greys ; 6th ditto or Iniskillings ; and of light regiments ; the 7th or Queen's own ; 11th ; 15th or Kings ; and 16th or Queens ; augmented afterwards by the 8th and 14th, on the Irish establishment.



So numerous a force was sure never beheld,  
 As appear'd on the banks of the Sambre† and Scheldt.  
 At length from the left approach'd Francis the Second,  
 His attendants so numerous they scarce could be reckon'd;  
 With great condescension, as points of swords droop'd,  
 His head to his saddle-tree frequently stoop'd.  
 But let me endeavour before you to bring  
 This double-crown'd hero, this Emp'ror and King.  
 Whose subjects all eager to crouch at his feet,  
 Worship veins with rich blood of the Romans replete.  
 Of diminutive stature, eyes sunk in his head,  
 Resembling a Mercury's moulded in lead!  
 With swarthy complexion and pitiful mien;  
 Judge beside him to how much advantage was seen,

---

† At the commencement of this Campaign, the total strength of the grand army, under his Imperial Majesty, was computed at 187,000 men; viz. 15,000 Dutch, and as many Austrians, under the command of the Hereditary Prince of Orange and General La Tour, intended to form the besieging army of Landrecies; 30,000 British and Austrians, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to act as a covering army to the besiegers towards Cambray. The Emperor was at the head of the main body of the Austrians, mustering 60,000; 12,000 Hessians and Austrians, under the command of General DE WURMB, were destined to act as an army of observation upon Douai and Bouchain. Count ZAUNWITZ, with 15,000 Austrians, extended, towards Bavais, along the Sambre, keeping an eye upon Maubeuge; while a force of 40,000 men was left to protect Maritime Flanders, from Tournay to the Sea Coast, under General CLAIRFAIT; exclusive of this calculation, was BEAULIEU's army in the Duchy of Luxemburg, and WURMSER's on the Rhine.

With a form of a hero, and strength of roast-beef,  
 Great FREDERICK ! our noble Commander in Chief !  
 At Windsor for our deeds will, I hear, be express'd,  
 By the flaming historical pencil of W——T,  
 While a horse for the ——, he'll carve out white as snow,  
 We shall find ourselves rang'd in the rear, in a row ;  
 And each Connoisseur must evince signs of wonder,  
 When BENJAMIN'S canvas expresses war's thunder !  
 Curling volumes of smoke he'll good humour'dly spread,  
 Half concealing the battle and veiling the dead,  
 Lest the gaping admirers should tremble or faint,  
 If such horrible scenes he *minutely* should paint.  
 Poor VERRIO, who long held unlimited sway  
 In the Chapel, must now to the fav'rite\* give way.  
 'Tis true that his colours harmoniously blend,  
 But who can to daubs so insipid attend ?  
 The President's style is much more to my taste,  
 And I long, I confess, in *the hall* to be plac'd.

---

\* The Aid-de-Camp was certainly well informed relative to the intended removal of the Altar-piece in the King's Chapel at Windsor, representing the Last Supper, capitally executed by the *chaste* pencil of VERRIO. The other paintings *condemned*, are our Saviour's Miracles, esteemed Master-pieces of that admirable Artist. The *Altar-piece* now hangs in *Jeopardy*, considered as not worth repairing, W——T being busily employed in finishing an equal number of Scripture Pieces, to replace the whole set.

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE however will most probably retain his triumphal situation in St. George's-Hall.

Eight columns\* were form'd on the following day,  
The Emp'ror and King, bravely leading the way ;

---

\* The first, composed of Austrians and Dutch troops, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, advancing upon the village of *Catillon*, which was carried, and four pieces of cannon taken in it, crossed the Sambre, and took up a position at *Favril*, between that river and the lesser *Eppe*, investing Landrecies on that side. The second, commanded by Lieut. General Alvintzée, consisting of the reserve of the Austrian army, forced the entrenchments at *Mazingham* and *Croisé*, taking possession of the *Bois du Toillon* and the *Foret de Nouvion*. The Third, (the main body of the Austrians) led on by the Emperor and Prince COBOURG, proceeded along the *Chausée* leading from Le Cateau to Guise.

After forcing the villages of *Ribouville*, and *Wassigné*, his Imperial Majesty detached his avant Garde, to take possession of the heights of *Blacus*. The fourth and fifth were formed from the army commanded by the Duke of YORK, of the former his Royal Highness took himself the direction; and the latter, commanded by the late Sir WM. ERSKINE, when proceeding to gain the *Bois de Bobain*, met with some resistance at the village of *Premont*, where the French were strongly posted. Sir WM. detached the second brigade of British infantry and the Austrian *Cuirassiers*, with four squadrons of cavalry, under the command of Gen. HARCOURT, to turn their flank; while three battalions of the regiment De Kaunitz, supported by a well directed fire from the artillery of the reserve, under the orders of Lieut. Col. CONGREVE, charged the enemy in front. By this manœuvre Sir WILLIAM gained the redoubts which held him at bay, and accomplished his purpose. The sixth, commanded by the Austrian Major General Count *Haddick*, advanced to the village of *Crevecœur*. The seventh, under the Hereditary Prince of Orange, moved forwards upon the



You'll of course, my dear girl, be most anxious to know  
 The fate of the Duke's, which bore down upon Vaux,  
 While I hasten its valorous prowess to tell,  
 Suffice it the others succeeded as well;  
 And sure, might we judge by the firing and smoke,  
 They experienc'd that fighting was more than a joke.

Tho' our progress was check'd by defiles, deep ravines,  
 And ruts, which we fill'd up with boughs and fascines,  
 When our foes caught the glimpse of a British brigade,  
 They commenc'd in a fury a brisk cannonade;  
 Screen'd from which by the regular slopes of the ground,  
 But little annoyance we luckily found,  
 Yet the sly dogs had clearly smelt out where we lay,  
 As they told us by several shots ricochét\*.  
 The guards were directed to storm the redoubt,  
 Turn the flank of the French, charge, and put them  
 to rout;

Our thanks to the flankers alone was awarded,  
 Tho' danger alike all the troops disregarded;  
 And no doubt we shall find out, or sooner, or late,  
 This distinction† was owing to reasons of state:

Chaussée, leading from *Le Cateau*, to *Cambray*, taking up a position beyond *Beauvois*; while the eighth, under the Dutch General *Geusau*, pushed on to *St. Hilaire*, protecting the Prince of ORANGE's right flank.

\* By one of which, a corporal of the third regiment of guards was killed, and two privates wounded: the same shot broke the colour-staff short in Ensign STEPHENS's hand.

† On the 17th, when the brigade of guards approached the village of Vaux, they were formed in a hollow way, in four

But be this *entre nous*, snug, quite under the rose,  
For I'm ruin'd if ever my hints you disclose.

Tho' trifling our loss, yet how fatal one ball,  
And CARLETON\*, humanity mourns for thy fall.  
Humanity! solace, and boast of the brave!  
Who whispers, less noble to vanquish than save,  
Thy dictates obeying was brought to an end,  
A soldier who shew'd himself ever thy friend.  
Night approaching her mantle spread over our heads,  
When our eyes turned to Vaux, and our thoughts to good  
beds.

lines, the flank battalion in front. To avoid as much as possible the heavy fire kept up from the star redoubt, the battalions were ordered to wheel round by divisions, and make the attack upon the *rear*; when the right company of grenadiers, was *certainly* the first to advance, but the whole brigade were formed close enough behind to have come in for their full share of glory, had the French maintained their position. The works had however been evacuated; and instead of *storming*, the guards took possession without the smallest opposition.

\* Capt. CARLETON, was heir to Lord DORCHESTER's title and estate, his elder brother, an ensign in the third regiment of guards, having been carried off a few months before, by a lingering fever on the brain. The unfortunate young man, whose fall we have now to lament, had been just appointed Brigade Major to Col. VYSE, and owing to that circumstance was with Sir WILLIAM ERSKINE's column, (his own regiment, composing a part of the Duke's.) He was shot, whilst humanely endeavouring to assist his orderly dragoon, whose horse was alarmed by the incessant firing. The enemy lost in their various attacks, 30 pieces of cannon, and must have suffered most severely; while only three privates of the British were

But, alas ! who can ever of comforts make sure,  
 Who foresees half the hardships he's doom'd to endure !  
 No language can paint how sincerely we griev'd,  
 When before us in flames we the village perceiv'd.  
 Curling smoke tow' rds the clouds in thick columns arose,  
 And full on our minds burst the weight of our woes,  
 Gushing forth in huge torrents descended the rain,  
 Which appear'd to rebound as it swept o'er the plain.  
 Did I ever attempt a fly dash at sublime,  
 This sure would appear a most excellent time,  
 'Twas beautiful, striking, superb ! add to these  
 Any other choice Epithets, Lucy, you please ;  
 But the night, my dear girl, I shall never forget,  
 Tho' uncommonly grand, was most drenchingly wet.  
 And curse on the Monsters \* whose desperate hand,  
 Dar'd place to head-quarters the fire spreading brand,

---

killed, and an inconsiderable number wounded ; nor did the other columns return many men short of the force they brought into the field.

\* Some of the pandours or other soldiers of the *free corps*, which infest the imperial army, ever intent upon pillage and barbarity, amused themselves by firing the village of Vaux, in several places ; driving the miserable inhabitants into the open fields, exposed to the inclemency of the storm, and doomed to behold their dwellings reduced to ashes, after they had seen them ransacked by the ruthless and sanguinary incendiaries. His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, was himself obliged to apply to a windmill for shelter from the inclemency of the night, and was little better accommodated than his troops, who were *en Bévouac*, exposed to the rain without tents or baggage. They however were in excellent spirits, and consoled themselves with what their haversacks afforded, drawing close round the fires which they had kindled.



Compelling us, little consulting our will,  
 For refuge to fly to a neighbouring mill.  
 O, lucky the man! who a shelter could find  
 From the pitiless rage of the rain and the wind;  
 As that was a comfort to many denied,  
 Who the pelting were forc'd of the storm to abide,  
 They had leisure, however, and scope to admire  
 The awful, tremendous effects of the fire.

Next morning a view of our present Chateau,  
 Made ample amends for the windmill at Vaux;  
 Nor can I express half the pleasure I found,  
 When told I was treading on classical ground,  
 That Cambray's great boast, in whom Gallia prided,  
 The great FENELON \* in this mansion resided.  
 Ye Gods, if inspir'd, I could here catch a snack  
 Of his genius, to rival his own TELEMAQUE,  
 The Critics would trumpet me forth to the town,  
 And CADELL acknowledge my works would go down.  
 To proceed with my narrative. Forward we press'd,  
 And the Dutch are enabled † the place to invest.

\* FENELON, the Author of *Telemachus*, was Arch-Bishop of Cambray, and frequently resided at Le Cateau, though his favourite retreat was situated in the mountains of Auvernia, watered by the River Dordogne, which he has celebrated in his beautiful Ode, "Montagnes de qui l'audace, &c."

† The enemy, in great force, on the 19th of April, attacked Lieut. Gen. DE WURMB, who commanded a detached corps at Denaing, obliging him to retire, and thereby gaining possession of Abscon, and a redoubt in front. Upon a reinforcement coming up, they were however driven back with great

We cover the siege, and no doubt but you'll find  
 In a post or two, articles drawn up and sign'd.  
 Maubeuge taken next, masking Lille we'll advance,  
 And our standards unfurl in the centre of France.  
 But, alas! not a bracelet, watch, or etwée,  
 Will be found, my dear LUCY, I fear à *Pâris*.  
 So sharp the conventional Myrmidons seek  
 To ferret out *gold* as a *Don Patriotique*.

---

slaughter. The Hessians had 5 officers, and 70 men killed and wounded.

On Sunday the 20th, the hereditary Prince of ORANGE, made a general attack upon all the posts which the French occupied in front of Landrecies, and took possession of a strong redoubt thrown up at the village of *Eloques*, within 600 yards of the place, of which he immediately availed himself to cover the left flank of the trenches, opened that evening. The positions of the encampments were then changed, and the Duke's army took up the ground it was intended to occupy during the siege, which had been previously marked out near *Inchi*, a village on the *Chaussée*, between *Le Cateau* and *Cambray*, and as advanced a situation as the British troops had ever been in; notwithstanding which, they soon made themselves perfectly at home, formed excellent kitchens, ovens, &c. and lived remarkably well, being plentifully supplied with provisions, by the markets of *Le Cateau*. The main body of the Imperialists were encamped, so as to cover the besiegers on the side of *Picardie*.

---

## LETTER VI.

*Description of the Aid-de-Camps Stud—General Attack on the covering Armies.  
—Noble Behaviour of the British Cavalry—General Mansel's fall—  
Clairfait's first check.*

CAMP AT INCHI\*, April 26, 1794.

FROM the *Champ de Bataille* I've the pleasure to write,  
To announce a fresh victory. Gods, what a fight !  
From the heights of Cateau, snug and safe we beheld  
Whole myriads were slain, by our cavalry fell'd.  
The dogs we have maul'd, and have pepper'd them well,  
As the hacks and the stains on our sabres will tell.  
And you'll own that the laurel my temples should crown,  
When I tell you five steeds I completely tir'd down.  
For orders conveying, we gallop'd so fast,  
The balls whistled by us, and harmlessly past ;  
Unlucky, alas ! should a charger fall lame,  
As the Carmagnols then at their leisure might aim.

---

\* The troops were in this position (as might naturally from their advanced situation have been expected) kept constantly on the *Alerte*. An attack was made upon two detachments of Prince COBOURG's army, at the outposts, on the 21st ; the Austrians repulsed their enemies with great slaughter, and bore off 3 pieces of cannon and a howitzer. On the same day an attempt was also made to reinforce the garrison of Landrecies, which produced a slight skirmish in front of the camp at Inchi, where the French were likewise defeated, and driven back upon Cambray.



Each steed of the warriors of yore had its bard;  
 Then say, shall the Muses my nags disregard?  
 Greeks and Trojans were sung to a lyre most divine,  
 And sure of a *stanza* as worthy are mine.  
 Imprimis, there's DUNKIRK, at Tatterfall's bought  
 For *twenty*, surpassingly beautiful thought,  
 Who for sixty, dirt cheap, as I'm worthy belief,  
 Was sold, to oblige the commander in chief.  
 Next FERRARIS, LINCELLES, and fam'd CHARLOTTE  
 CORDET,

With BRUNSWICK, renown'd for his scampering away;  
 A horse, in his movements surpassingly fleet,  
 Whom I've mark'd for my saddle on ev'ry retreat.  
 ADOLPHUS, and ERNEST, PRINCE JOHN, and the rest,  
 So excellent all, none can point out the best;  
 And the poet their fame who attempts to recount,  
 Should in Helicon drive, and on Pegasus mount.  
 Nay then, would his numbers fall short of their merit,  
 They shew so much blood, animation, and spirit!  
 But their pedigrees *all* I intend shall be seen  
 At full length, in a certain admir'd magazine\*.

But softly, I've started too soon from the post,  
 And must instant return, or the race will be lost.  
 That historian, in fact, from his purpose steers wide,  
 Who fails to make method and order his guide;  
 And I've time at command, as the ——'s gone to snatch  
 A Sandwich, before he begins his dispatch;

---

\* See the European Magazines from June 1795.

For we write them ourselves, my dear Lucy, remark,  
 As they frequently laugh'd at our *ci-devant*\* clerk.  
 No fat'rist will therefore be found such an afs,  
 As to carp at the letters we send to DUNDAS.  
 Nor shall I, though desirous, be able to sing  
 The feather *the Bantam* had pluck'd from his wing,  
 Which, tho' shap'd to an elegant pen, must remain  
 Unfullied with ink, free from blemish or stain ;  
 'Twas scrap'd, nicely form'd, nibb'd, and brandish'd on  
                   high,

Then grounded for ever, alas ! with a sigh.

By our firing disturb'd in the midst of his nap,  
 Apollo had started from Thetis's lap ;  
 And instantly darting a piercing bright ray,  
 Discover'd our foes in full march, on their way  
 To our camp ; all the pickets were soon driven back,  
 And in silence we form'd to await the attack.  
 At one glance their weak side by our chieftain† was seen,  
 As they drew tow'ards the heights thro' a narrow ravine ;  
 Which a battery commanded, conceal'd from their view ;  
 Whence *Ricohét* shot we incessantly threw,  
 While our cavalry flanking them, charg'd front and rear,  
 And the slaughter that follow'd would shock you to hear ;

\* Sir J——s M——y.

† The Duke of York had, on the morning of the 26th, observed the left flank of the enemy to be unprotected, and, by ordering the cavalry to wheel round and attack on that side, afforded them an opportunity of gaining the highest credit, by defeating, in fact, the whole French army.

For that writer but common politeness observes,  
 Who spares his *fair* reader's too delicate nerves.  
 Full swift from the bow as the arrow departing,  
 Our men through their ranks were seen desp'rately darting;  
 Yet with pride, as a *Briton*, the trait I make known,  
 'Midst the havoc was quarter and clemency shewn ;  
 Yet they met with a base and perfidious return\*,  
 Which compels them demands on their mercy to spurn.  
 Unequal my lyre is, too feeble my lays,  
 Their prowess to paint, far surpassing all praise !  
 And, alas ! we too harshly had spoke, I'm afraid,  
 Of the former delay† of our heavy brigade,

---

\* An advanced battalion of the enemy, upon the approach of the British cavalry, threw down their arms, and demanded quarter, which was instantly granted. No sooner had the squadrons left them to attack the main body, than they loaded their pieces, and fired upon their generous conquerors. This sort of treachery has ever been conspicuous in the Gallic heroes, though the hall of the National Convention so frequently resounds with bombastic accounts of their good faith and humanity.

† As the enemy were known to have assembled in great force at the *Camp de Cæsar*, near Cambray, Prince Cobourg requested the Duke of York would make a *Reconnoissance* in that direction ; accordingly, on the evening of the 23d, Major General MANSSEL's brigade of heavy cavalry was ordered about a league in front of their camp, where they lay that night at a farm house, forming *part* of a detachment under GENERAL OTTO. Early the next morning an attack was made upon the French, drawn up in front of the village of Villars en Couchée (between Le Cateau and Bouchain) by the 15th regiment of light dragoons, and two squadrons of Austrian hussars ; they charged the enemy with such velocity and force, that, darting through their ca-



Which MANSEL this morning so gloriously led ;  
 Brave MANSEL ! whose spirit indignantly fled.  
 Urg'd on by reproaches, all dangers he brav'd,  
 No hero of HOMER's more nobly behav'd :  
 And I blush as the direful conclusion I tell,  
 To feeling, a martyr ! our countryman\* fell.  
 His death to revenge, hordes of French bit the dust,  
 While Fame, in her temple, with pride rear'd his bust.  
 And ah ! if his spirit still hovers in air,  
 May the praises of Britons his sorrows repair !

---

valry, they dispersed a line of infantry formed in their rear, forcing them also to retreat precipitately and in great confusion, under the ramparts of Cambray, with a loss of 12,00 men, and 3 pieces of cannon. The only British officer wounded was Captain AYLETT; 60 privates fell, and about 20 were wounded.

Though the heavy brigade was formed at a distance under a brisk cannonade, while the light dragoons had so glorious an opportunity of distinguishing themselves ; there are none who can attach with propriety any blame on account of their unfortunate delay, for which General OTTO was surely, as having the command, alone accountable, and not General MANSEL, who acted at all times, there is no doubt, according to the best of his judgment, for the good of the service.

\* General MANSEL, rushing into the thickest of the enemy, devoted himself to death, and animated by his example, that *very* brigade performed such prodigies of valour, as must have convinced the world that Britons, once informed *how to act*, justify the highest opinion that can possibly be entertained of their native courage. Could such men have *ever* been willingly *backward*? Certainly not.

Our opponents, afraid to attempt the chaussée,  
Made a circling detour to re-enter\* Cambray.

Thus *Messieurs les Patriotes* suffer'd severely,  
And paid for their troublesome visit most dearly:  
The British to Inchi triumphantly led  
Near four hundred prisoners, CHAPUY at their head ;  
And, by CONGREVE's report, the good folks were so kind  
As to leave their whole park of artill'ry† behind.  
An attack the same moment the Emp'ror sustain'd,  
But firm on his perch the spread eagle‡ remain'd.  
While *Belegarde* and *Kinsky* both daringly fell  
On their line, which dispersing, made off to *Capelle*.

---

\* General MANSEL's son, a captain of the 3d dragoon guards, anxious to save his father's life, had darted forwards, was taken prisoner, and carried into Cambray. Since his exchange, he has declared that there was not, on the 26th, a single French soldier left in the town, as Chapuy had drawn out the whole garrison to augment the army destined to attack the camp of Inchi. Had that circumstance been fortunately known at the time, a detachment of the British army might easily have marched along the Chaussée, and taken possession of the place, ere the Republicans could possibly have returned, as they had, in their retreat, described a circuitous detour of some miles.

† A large quantity of ammunition, and 35 pieces of cannon. Amongst them several of the new constructed tumbrills belonging to their flying artillery, on the top of which were leather seats for the cannoneers, that they might be at all times ready to serve their guns. Is this invention likely to prove as useful to the French, as the Duke of Richmond's *horse-artillery* to the British ?

‡ They were repulsed with considerable slaughter near *Priches*, and pursued by General Bellegarde, as far as day-light would

On their haunches the Kaisers kept close, till pursuit  
Was arrested by night with her aspect of foot.

While on this side our vict'ry was brilliant, complete !  
In *whispers* we heard of *Clairfait*\* and defeat—  
Two sounds which I grieve should be suffer'd to meet. }  
For, surely, if ever a soldier was born,  
His country intended by fate to adorn,  
With truth, and with pride, we may venture to say,  
That hero was found in field-marshal CLAIRFAIT.  
All their efforts, no doubt, he'll contemptuously spurn,  
And the blows they have dealt him with int'rest return.  
But on trifling mishaps we've no time to reflect,  
So adieu, I must hasten our spoils to inspect.  
Would that dinner was serv'd ! I shall sharply fall to't,  
And with dainties and bumpers my spirits recruit.

permit, in the neighbourhood of La Capelle, having abandoned  
22 pieces of cannon.

The British lost 2 officers, 1 quarter-master, 52 rank and  
file, and 153 horses killed: 3 officers, 1 quarter-master, 8  
serjeants, 87 rank and file, and 91 horses wounded: 67 horses  
missing: Major General Mansel, and Lieutenant Fellows were  
killed: Captain Pigot, Lieutenant Moore, and Lieutenant  
Froome, wounded: and Captain Mansel was taken prisoner.

\* The Republican visits on the 26th were general along the  
whole frontier, from the electorate of *Treves* to the sea. They  
succeeded in forcing the post of *Moucron*, and took possession of  
*Menin*, pushing forwards towards Courtray.



---

## LETTER VII.

*Surrender of Landrecies—A retrograde Movement—Absurd German Etiquette—  
A Thunder Storm—Its Effects.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, TOURNAY, May 4, 1794.

'TIS my lot by this post in a varying verse,  
At once both good fortune and bad to rehearse,  
On this side our prospects are gloriously bright,  
On that, there is cast scarce a glimm'ring of light:  
Dark threatening clouds the wide landscape pervade,  
The front richly glowing, the back-ground in shade.  
We must speedily ward off the gathering storm,  
Or that sombre appearance the whole will deform.  
Landrecie's our own, and I hop'd to have stated  
The fall of Maubeuge; *en avant* to have dated.  
But, alas! when our plans were arrang'd to push on,  
Fresh tidings, unwelcome, arriv'd from Moucron\*;

---

\* On the 30th of April intelligence arrived of CLAIRFAIT'S having experienced a check at Moucron on the 29th, which post had been retaken by a corp of Hanoverians under Count Oyenhausen. The French having poured down upon it a third time en masse, CLAIRFAIT, who had joined the Hanoverians, was obliged to retreat, and take up a position, covering the Chaussée from Tournay to Courtray; a retrograde movement was consequently expected, as no time was to be lost before Landrecies. The garrison of Menin, under the command of Major General Hammerstein, consisting of 4 battalions of Hanoverian infantry, and four companies of loyal emigrants, behaved nobly. They were summoned to surrender and *give up the emigrants*, which

And the subsequent letters from CLAIRFAIT receiv'd,  
 Delay'd the great deeds we should else have atchiev'd.  
 A plague on that fortrefs, detestable, vile,  
 That nest of marauders ! a plague upon Lille ;  
 For a thorn in our sides we at all times have found it,  
 Forth vomiting fiends on the country around it.  
 To plunder, lay waste, and to slacken their thirst,  
 With blood overgorg'd\* till quite ready to burst.  
 And then when their measure of crimes is replete,  
 Wigh'd down with their spoils to their dam they retreat.  
 Who, like Sin on the confines of Pluto's domain,  
 Receives in her womb her fell offspring again.

As yet little good has aris'n, it appears,  
 From arming the rabble we style Volunteer†,

they peremptorily refused, and finding themselves completely surrounded, sallied forth, and cut their way sword in hand through the enemy's ranks, with fortunately but little loss.

\* The French, in many of these predatory excursions, were guilty of the most horrid excesses, especially when they suspected the inhabitants of having concealed any part of their property. *Priests* being marked objects of their resentment, were frequently butchered in cold blood. Ever guided by caprice and whim, they at times would content themselves with collecting their booty, and retire without having committed any of those atrocities which would probably mark their next visit.

† The Emperor had determined towards the close of the last Campaign, to arm the peasantry, that they might be induced, under the idea of protecting their own property, to assist in covering his frontiers from invasion.

As West Flanders is extremely populous, great numbers of these *volunteers* enrolled themselves ; and the small arms taken

We conceiv'd they'd unite their own lands to defend,  
 And be able with starv'd Carmagnols to contend,  
 Who, no longer with pillaging Menin content,  
 Towards Courtray in swarms their steps daringly bent.  
 Where, fly dogs, they well knew there was booty in store,  
 They might riot for months\*, and returning find more.  
 Thank the stars, Cousin ORANGE his point gain'd so soon,  
 Had Landrecies held out but till next day at noon,  
 However some folks might have low'r'd and cry'd fie on't,  
 We all had decamp'd, my dear LUCY, rely on't.  
 Then the French might have lengthen'd their favorite  
                     scroll,  
 And giv'n Coz. a place in their Chant Carmagnol†.

---

at Valenciennes, Condé, and Le Quesnoi, were sufficient to equip them for the field. But, when the grand army advanced upon Landrecies, and the French came thundering down en masse upon CLAIRFAIT's handful of men, they were of little or no use. The inhabitants of the Low Countries, having upon all occasions, shewn themselves disaffected to the Imperial Government, it was a dangerous experiment to put offensive weapons into their hands, though *perhaps* a want of men justified it. Many of them, there is no doubt, in the end, turned upon the Allies, and assisted the French to overrun the country.

\* Courtray was famous for a manufactory of very fine linen cloth, brought to such perfection, that samples could be produced nearly as delicately woven, and as even as cambric. The merchants had not time to remove their stock in hand, and the quantities carried off by the Republican free booters, were immense, and valuable in the extreme; the prime pieces producing eighteen shillings per yard.

† The French recorded every advantage they gained over the Allies, in the Song called La Carmagnol. Upon the re-



At midnight the mules were led forth, and the plate  
Made them crouch tow'rds the ground with its ponderous  
weight.

For Francis requested\* we'd hasten to join  
CLAIRFAIT, and our force with the Marshall's combine ;

treat from Dunkirk, they did his Royal Highness the Com-  
mander in Chief, the honour of introducing him as follows :

Le D—e de Y—k s'était promis,  
Que Dunkirk serait bientôt pris,  
Mais son coup a Manqué,  
Grace a nos Cannoniers.

CHO :

Dansons la Carmagnol,  
Vive le son,  
Dansons la Carmagnol,  
Vive le son, du Canon.

\* Landrecies had been summoned on the 22d of April, but the Governor refusing to surrender, the bombardment recommenced, and was continued for three days with unabating severity. On the 30th, the garrison demanded a cessation of hostilities for 48 hours, to draw up articles of capitulation, but on account of the intelligence received from CLAIRFAIT, only one hour was granted—8,000 men surrendered themselves as prisoners of war ; about 1000 of the garrison, and nearly 200 of the inhabitants, lost their lives during the bombardment, which commenced on the 25th. The houses had been much damaged by shells thrown into the town, though scarce any impression had been made upon the fortifications. At eleven o'clock *that same night*, the Duke of YORK's army was in motion.

Who, fatigued with fresh foes pouring down without end,  
 Was at length to his safety obliged to attend.  
 By the sound of *retreat*\*, sad experience has shewn,  
 The steadiest troops in disorder are thrown:  
 It conveys such a chill to the Veteran's soul,  
 As instantly makes him unfit for controul.  
 After eight hours hard fighting the bravest will mind it,  
 However, by terms, soften'd down, he may find it,  
 For 'tis fix'd in our minds ever since the creation,  
 That the first law of nature is self-preservation.

With conciseness, dear Girl, my narration to sweeten,  
 Suffice it CLAIRFAIT was confoundedly beaten;

---

\* CLAIRFAIT had determined to attack the enemy, upon the arrival of six battalions of Austrian infantry, he daily expected from the Emperor's army. PICHEGRU aware, that after the fall of Landrecies, CLAIRFAIT would receive considerable reinforcements, was however before hand with him, and advanced upon Moucron, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th. The Austrians behaved with great courage and their usual firmness till four in the afternoon, when the orders to retreat were given, and they fell back in such confusion, that it became impossible to rally them.

At this period Gen. BEAULIEU gained some considerable advantages in the neighbourhood of Arlons, situated in the Duchy of Luxemburg. Having carried several important posts, he attacked the French Camp at Wolfberg, where they had 20,000 men, forming a part of their grand army of 52,000. Ascending the mountains the Republicans fled in every direction, upon the approach of the Austrian columns. BEAULIEU returned 4 officers, and 300 privates killed and wounded, and computed the loss sustained by his adversaries, at upwards of 800; 6 guns, a howitzer, with several horses, ammunition wag-gons, and 72 prisoners.

And his enemies, conquerors in ev'ry attack,  
 Our army on Flanders was forc'd to fall back ;  
 But the EMP'ROUR and COBOURG both daringly prefs'd }  
*En avant*, still determin'd *Maubeuge* to invest,  
 By ambition much more than by prudence possess'd. }  
 Our staff unaccustom'd fatigues to endure,  
 Gallop'd muttering forwards snug births to secure.  
 Desirous for once to abide by the rough of it,  
 I march'd with the guards and experienc'd enough of it.  
 The first night I brav'd, and, befriended by weather,  
 Its weight on my mind might be pois'd by a feather.

At Famars\* where we halted three hours, our woes  
 Were sleep'd in oblivion by balmy repose.  
 When rous'd from our slumbers refreshing and sweet,  
 With sorrow we heard the harsh *Generale* beat.  
 'Twas long ere our column was form'd, for you know  
 From time immemorial great bodies move slow.  
 Tho' jaded enough, as I needs must confess,  
 That they gave us a five miles detour you'll scarce guess,  
 At Valenciennes against us was barr'd ev'ry gate ;  
 So will'd Etiquette † and high Kaiferliche state.

\* The army arrived at Famars, about two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 1st of May.

† The Austrians never upon any occasion permitted foreign troops to pass through their garrisoned towns, and their own co-operating with the British, were looked upon *in that* light ; frequently, in the last Campaign, when the route lay in the di-



Thus breaking thro' all hospitality's laws,  
*Nos amis* for complaint you'll allow gave us cause.  
 Our troops were compell'd the *Chaussée* to forsake,  
*Malgrez eux*, to a miry deep road to betake,  
 Where the cannon so frequently stuck in the mud,  
 That night having harness'd her ebony stud,  
 O'ertook us, and frowning at this our intrusion,  
 Determin'd to throw us in horrid confusion.  
 From her clutches in future, good heavens defend us,  
 For ne'er was the Hag so completely tremendous.  
 Could I gain to my cause an Hexameter Muse,  
 A subject more proper, what poet could chuse  
 Than her terrors! but vainly I batter my brains,  
 My pen glances off into titupping strains.  
 More proper I own to hand over 'twould seem,  
 To heroic describers so glorious a theme;  
 Yet I hope as the trifle escapes from my hand,  
 That my tropes unaffected you'll still *understand*.

---

rection of Valenciennes and Le Quesnoi: the British army has on that account been obliged to make long and fatiguing detours; but keeping up that nonsensical form, at a time when troops were upon a forced march, hastening to co-operate with one of their own generals, for the defence of their Sovereign's territories, threatened with a formidable invasion, was surely inexcusable, and impolitic in the extreme. Though liable to be called into action, for any thing *they* knew to the contrary, the very next day, was the Duke of York's army driven from the paved road, into heavy clayey ground, through which the horses were scarcely able to drag the artillery and ammunition waggons; and, owing to the frequent and unavoidable halts, it was dark before the troops reached Raismes.

Each fiend had apparently flown from his shade,  
 O'er a kingdom unpeopled the sceptre was sway'd  
 By Hell's grisly Monarch—the elements raged,  
 And fancy depicted the furies engaged.  
 So jet black an atmosphere round us was spread,  
 That I scarce could discover e'en BRUNSWICK's\* white  
 head.

Save at times when loud peals of harsh thunder between  
 Broad flashes of light'ning illumin'd the scene.  
 Then the heavens seem'd to open, and awe struck we  
 view'd

The splendid refulgence which instant ensued.  
 Our deplorable state, which before was conceal'd  
 From our knowledge, at intervals thus was reveal'd.  
 Here, a batt-horse was seen in the mud holes to flounder,  
 There, with all its etcet'ras, a prostrate nine pounder.  
 With soldiers and waggons the ditches were cramm'd,  
 With long-tail troupees, all the waters were damm'd.  
 And, alas! we had nearly to mourn an event,  
 That with sorrow the hearts of the army had rent.  
 LAKE, foremost at all times their labours to share,  
 To their comforts attending with *fatherly* care,  
 Had nearly a sacrifice fall'n to that night,  
 But pleas'd, his escape with his perils I write.  
 His spirited charger hung back, and dismay'd  
 By the fork'd flakes of fire darting round him that play'd,  
 Contemning controul, foam'd, and plunging with force  
 From side to side, madly directed his course,

---

\* His horse so named.—See Letter VI. Campaign of 1794.

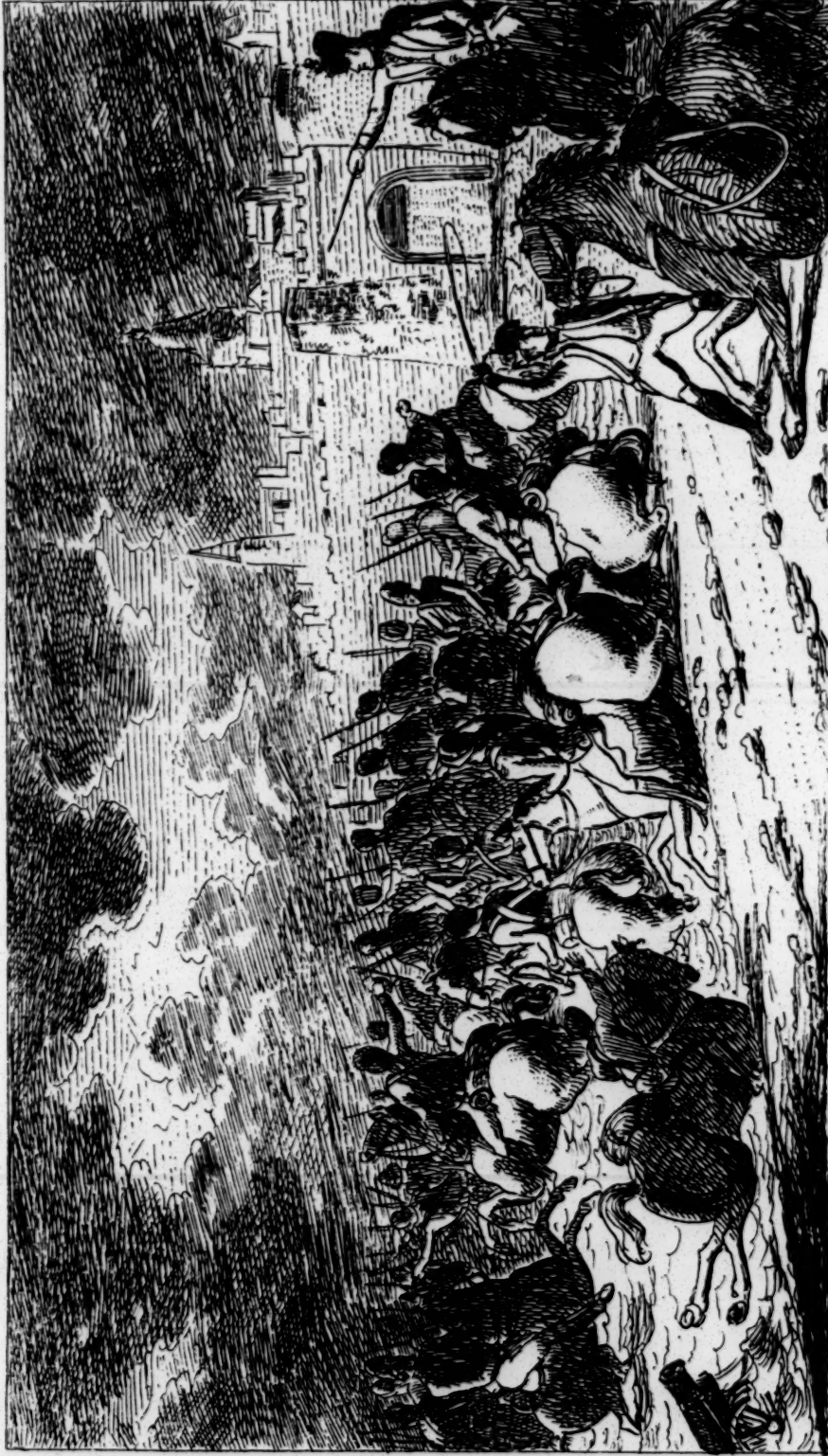
Till headlong he rushed in the treach'rous fossée,  
 His rider, fore bruis'd, long in agony lay,  
 Few able assistance to lend, so pitch dark  
 Was the night, very few could his danger remark.  
 Once discover'd, I've scarcely occasion to tell,  
 All flew to his aid, for they thought on LINCELLES.

Perceiving it totally fruitless and vain  
 To proceed 'midst the storm and the deluge of rain,  
 Thro' the scatter'd mix'd ranks it was soon understood,  
 Each dispersing, should shift for himself\* as he could.  
 O! Lucy, what raptures I felt the next day,  
 When I saw at a distance the spires of Tournay!  
 My extatic sensations no words can explain,  
 When hail'd by the rosy-gill'd fathers again.  
 Thus lucky, if ever a mad volunteer  
 I fall forth more—may, O wish most severe!  
 May Lucy refuse all the joys she can give,  
 And, banish'd from beauty, a wretch may I live!

---

\* Into such confusion was the army thrown, that Austrians and British, cavalry and infantry, were jumbled together; scarce ten men per company would be brought up the next morning to the Abbaye Viscoine, by the guards, or as many per troop by the cavalry; when the stragglers were collected, the whole proceeded to St. Amand, halted till the 3d of May, and then were marched to their camp near Marqain, a village about a league from Tournay, a little to the right of the Chaussée, leading to Lille.





Pub<sup>d</sup> by Cudell & Davies, Strand.

*How to throw an Army into Confusion.*



---

## LETTER VIII.

*Attacks—Victories—Defeats—Wonderful Perils—Miraculous Escapes.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, TOURNAY, *May 19, 1794.*

DEAR LUCY! we've been in a terrible scrape,  
And truly miraculous, Girl, our escape.  
Conceive all that's bad, then you'll half understand  
Our perils *by sea*, and our perils by land;  
And had it not been for the fleetest of fleets,  
You must weeping have mounted the bombazeen weeds:  
And, O shocking to think of the mournful parade!  
The nation at large been in fables array'd:  
In fables array'd, for near popp'd from the hooks  
Were the —— and your hero, and cast to the rooks,  
But let me my fluttering goose-quill restrain,  
In a style chronologic, events to explain,  
Yet that cursed eight pounder so near struck me dead,  
That order and method have flown from my head.  
Before me still dances the Stygian Ferry,  
And grim-visag'd Charon appears in his wherry,  
With his iron-shod boat-hook repulsing my ghost,  
As unburied my corse on the turf had been toss'd.  
Begone silly phantoms, I'm sound as a roach,  
My dangers are past, and my pleasures approach;  
And now to my hist'ry; intent to combine  
Our force with CLAIRFAIT's on the enemy's line



An attack was thought proper, and ergo decreed,  
 Ere with safety we could to'wards the Kaisers proceed.  
 This plan was no sooner arrang'd than prevented,  
 And as matters turn'd out, we were fully contented;  
 For a favorite maxim it seems with our foe,  
 That the battle's half his who obtains the first blow.  
 To be brief, my sweet Girl, ces Messieurs Patriotes,  
 Advancing, drove in our Tirolians\* and Croats;  
 Then menaced our left, where in ambush hard by,  
 Old KAUNITZ was plac'd in a wood, snug and sly:  
 Like a tyger half-starv'd, he sprung forth on his prey,  
 And forced them to croud all their sails, and away.  
 But they speedily rallied, and little dismay'd,  
 Push'd on in the face of a brisk cannonade.  
 Again they attack'd us, again were subdued,  
 And slaughter and carnage most horrid, ensued.

To our Chieftain their right unprotected appear'd,  
 And their course tow'rd's that flank our brave cavalry steer'd.  
 Their valour to sing, what presumption is mine!  
 It calls for a lyre strung by fingers divine:  
 For should fullsome bombast the pure paper deface,  
 The poet would find himself plung'd in disgrace;  
 And tho' Fortune, that whimsical jade, with a frown,  
 In shadow *en masse*† throws our former renown,

---

\* On the 10th of May, at day-break, the Republicans commenced their attack upon the Duke of YORK's army, and having driven in the out posts, attempted to gain the left flank, which was however protected by a thick wood, where the Austrian regiment of KAUNITZ was posted.

† However successful the system adopted by the French nation, of forming themselves (like the ancient Romans) into

She kindly determines the British should reap  
 Such laurels as ever their verdure must keep.  
 All the retrograde motions of ninety and four,  
 We perhaps in the end may have cause to deplore ;  
 Yet let JOHN BULL reflect should he growl and complain,  
 To our cavalry this was a glorious Campaign ;  
 Which nothing more clearly can bring to his view,  
 Than the honour they gain'd on the plains of Baissieux\*.  
 The French at one glimpse our intentions perceiv'd,  
 And with wonderful firmness the charge was receiv'd.  
 Our squadrons pour'd down with such spirit and force,  
 That they quickly dispers'd all the Carmagnol horse ;

---

one immense *military Republic*, has unfortunately proved, the British have upon every occasion been victorious, when engaged separately with their enemies. Their little successful skirmishes must afford subjects of pleasing contemplation to their countrymen, as they prove that English soldiers have done their duty, and will in some degree console them for the failure of every effect yet made use of to subdue our Hydra-headed enemy by land.

\* Lieut. Gen. HARCOURT was detached to turn the right flank of the enemy with sixteen squadrons of British Cavalry, and two of Austrian Hussars : between them and the enemy's column of infantry, the ground had been planted *with rape*, to prepare for which the Farmer digs deep narrow trenches, resembling those formed where celery is planted. Not aware of this circumstance, our dragoons charged, and many of their horses fell, (as the ground where rape is planted, is hardly passable by Infantry, which occasioned some degree of confusion, and they were obliged to retreat, and make their attack upon another quarter, where they found the French drawn up to receive them in close column.

Still the infantry made a more steady resistance,  
And their musquetry kept our brave troops at a distance.

Thrice they charg'd, tho' apparently death they embrac'd,  
Against them so firmly the bayonets\* were plac'd.

At length when our *amuzettes* order'd to play  
'Midst the thick crouded ranks of Messieurs les Français, }  
Took the wish'd-for effect, on all sides they gave way. }  
Then our wary dragoons with a heart piercing shout,  
Thund'ring down, broke the line, and completed the route.  
Right, left, front, and rear fell, promiscuously hew'd,  
And the field was with limbs and lopp'd carcases strew'd.  
More trifling the loss by the Victors sustain'd,  
Than usual when ground *so disputed*, is gain'd.

You'll exclaim that this business I enter too large in,  
And wish that I stated our loss as *per margin*†,

\* Infantry, if firm and steady, must at all times keep cavalry at bay. The front ranks kneel, and placing the butts of their firelocks firmly on the ground, oppose the points of their bayonets to the breasts of the advancing horses, while the rear ranks keep up an incessant fire upon the riders. Nine times out of ten, Infantry, after sustaining one or two charges, begin to waver, and then the weight and rapidity of cavalry must prevail. In this instance the French were steady till some pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon them, and the dragoons were thereby enabled to penetrate their column.

† The British lost on the 10th, only 1 serjeant, 30 rank and file, and 90 horses killed.—6 officers, 4 serjeants, 73 rank and file, and 188 horses wounded, with 32 missing. The Hanoverians on the right were attacked with equal vigour, but maintained their post. Prince ERNEST received a contusion on the elbow by a spent ball. Major CLINTON, Aid-de-Camp to his



By a wearied out bullet Prince ERNEST was' bruis'd,  
 But some herbs, N—TH assures us, in brandy infus'd,  
 With a *ditto repeated*, and bleeding, he's fure,  
 Will soon bring about a most excellent cure;  
 And N—TH\* is a man of such judgment profess'd,  
 That on that head our minds are entirely at rest.  
 HAL CL-NT-N, that noisy, that venturesome boy,  
 Whose sprightliness tends cank'ring care to destroy;  
 Manag'd ill, for he nearly receiv'd a quietus,  
 But again with his wit he'll be able to treat us;  
 Yes, again he the table shall set in a roar,  
 And *quiz* ev'ry blockhead accounted a boar;  
 For his wound is a flesh wound, and NORTH there's no  
 doubt

By his satisfied nod, will soon bring him about.  
 And if we may judge by his skill at a goose,  
 N—TH's lancet of late has been often in use,  
 For I'm told your *nice Surgeon* will carve to a hair,  
 And he carves as he eats, till the visitors stare.

Royal Highness, Capt. HAWKER, and Lieut. ARCHER of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons; Lieut. JONES, Second Dragoons; Cornet SMITH, of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; and Cornet BOND of the sixth dragoon guards, were wounded. The several attacks were made upon the posts of Sailli, *Baisseau*, *Camphin*, Bachi, &c. extending from Lannoi towards Orchies.—18 pieces of cannon, and 700 prisoners were taken during the day, and the enemy's loss was computed at 2000, killed and wounded.

\* Surgeon to the family of his Royal Highness, and of course a constant resident at head-quarters.

But when HAL is recover'd I'll then be his tutor,  
And teach him to take better care for the future.

The French owed *Kaunitz* an implacable grudge,  
And determin'd to make the old Veteran trudge,  
For they knew that he put the first spoke in the wheel,  
When they thought on our Camp undiscover'd to steal.  
So resolving in force to push over the Sambre,  
Were seen in such clusters on pontoons to clamber,  
That KAUNITZ fell back to take up a strong station,  
Well covering Mons, then in great trepidation.  
And the Carmagnols, just as he wish'd and suspected,  
Pursued, where by works and entrenchments protected,  
His Kaisers soon dealt them so handsome a dressing\*,  
In future they'll scarce be so forward and pressing;  
Yet these frequent attacks on his sev'ral commanders,  
Made the Emperor quake for the safety of Flanders.  
So great Cæsar came post† with his whisker-lipp'd train,  
In wrath that they dar'd to besiege his domain;

---

\* The enemy having succeeded in forcing the passage of the *Sambre*, obliged Gen. KAUNITZ to fall back upon Mons, in which position he was attacked on the 14th of May. His army proving victorious, he pursued the Republicans, and obliged them to repass the river with a loss, the Gazette states, of 5,000 men, and 3 pieces of cannon. That account must however have been greatly exaggerated, as the returns of the enemy's killed and wounded generally are, being at all times matters of mere conjecture.

† CLAIRFAIT was attacked and driven back upon Thielt, (between Courtray and Bruges) the 11th, which determined the Emperor to give up all thoughts of penetrating into the heart of France, till he had driven the invaders from his own Frontiers: to accomplish which purpose it was necessary, not

Determin'd at once to pour down in such force  
 On his foes, as should soon make them alter their course,  
 And swore if with CLAIRFAIT we mingled our banners,  
 He'd very soon mend Monsieur PICHEGRU's manners.  
 Again on Menin and on Courtray would seize,  
 When both armies join'd on this side of the Lys.  
 To accomplish this purpose once more were we rous'd,  
 Ere we'd felt ourselves settled and quietly hous'd ;  
 Feus de joie, and the recent Te Deum we found,  
 Still strike on our ears with a low buzzing sound.  
 The kind-hearted Monks blest'd our arms, sprinkled  
 water,

And pray'd we might hosts of our enemies slaughter,  
 While FERRARIS his bit champing, spurning controul,  
 His eyes darting forth all the fire of his soul,  
 Seem'd impatient till slow preparation should end,  
 And enable your Champion his back to ascend.

Forth we instantly sallied, as blythe and as gay,  
 As the silver-ton'd thrush in the middle of May.  
 (I first by the bye took a peep at the yard,  
 And deliver'd the mules up in charge to the guard \*;)

---

only for CLAIRFAIT's army, and that under the Duke of YORK's command, to form a junction, but for the whole force to be consolidated. His Imperial Majesty accordingly leaving his Brother to conduct his army near Orchies, sent considerable reinforcements to the Corps of Austrians with the Duke, and arrived at Tournay, to put himself at their head, resolving to attack the enemy between CLAIRFAIT's army and his own, separated by the river Lys.

\* The officer, on his Royal Highness's guard, had usually the honour of being intrusted with the care of the sumpter mules and baggage, when any movement took place.



But when HAL is recover'd I'll then be his tutor,  
And teach him to take better care for the future.

The French owed *Kaunitz* an implacable grudge,  
And determin'd to make the old Veteran trudge,  
For they knew that he put the first spoke in the wheel,  
When they thought on our Camp undiscover'd to steal.  
So resolving in force to push over the Sambre,  
Were seen in such clusters on pontoons to clamber,  
That KAUNITZ fell back to take up a strong station,  
Well covering Mons, then in great trepidation.  
And the Carmagnols, just as he wish'd and suspected,  
Pursued, where by works and entrenchments protected,  
His Kaisers soon dealt them so handsome a dressing\*,  
In future they'll scarce be so forward and pressing;  
Yet these frequent attacks on his sev'ral commanders,  
Made the Emperor quake for the safety of Flanders.  
So great Cæsar came post† with his whisker-lipp'd train,  
In wrath that they dar'd to besiege his domain;

---

\* The enemy having succeeded in forcing the passage of the *Sambre*, obliged Gen. KAUNITZ to fall back upon Mons, in which position he was attacked on the 14th of May. His army proving victorious, he pursued the Republicans, and obliged them to repass the river with a loss, the Gazette states, of 5,000 men, and 3 pieces of cannon. That account must however have been greatly exaggerated, as the returns of the enemy's killed and wounded generally are, being at all times matters of mere conjecture.

† CLAIRFAIT was attacked and driven back upon Thielt, (between Courtray and Bruges) the 11th, which determined the Emperor to give up all thoughts of penetrating into the heart of France, till he had driven the invaders from his own Frontiers: to accomplish which purpose it was necessary, not

Determin'd at once to pour down in such force  
 On his foes, as should soon make them alter their course,  
 And swore if with CLAIRFAIT we mingled our banners,  
 He'd very soon mend Monsieur PICHEGRU's manners.  
 Again on Menin and on Courtray would seize,  
 When both armies join'd on this side of the Lys.  
 To accomplish this purpose once more were we rous'd,  
 Ere we'd felt ourselves settled and quietly hous'd ;  
 Feus de joie, and the recent Te Deum we found,  
 Still strike on our ears with a low buzzing sound.  
 The kind-hearted Monks bless'd our arms, sprinkled  
                   water,

And pray'd we might hosts of our enemies slaughter,  
 While FERRARIS his bit champing, spurning controul,  
 His eyes darting forth all the fire of his soul,  
 Seem'd impatient till slow preparation should end,  
 And enable your Champion his back to ascend.

Forth we instantly sallied, as blythe and as gay,  
 As the silver-ton'd thrush in the middle of May.  
 (I first by the bye took a peep at the yard,  
 And deliver'd the mules up in charge to the guard \*;)

---

only for CLAIRFAIT's army, and that under the Duke of YORK's command, to form a junction, but for the whole force to be consolidated. His Imperial Majesty accordingly leaving his Brother to conduct his army near Orchies, sent considerable reinforcements to the Corps of Austrians with the Duke, and arrived at Tournay, to put himself at their head, resolving to attack the enemy between CLAIRFAIT's army and his own, separated by the river Lys.

\* The officer, on his Royal Highness's guard, had usually the honour of being intrusted with the care of the sumpter mules and baggage, when any movement took place.

Our column the fifth \* of the army comprized,  
 Which was thus with a march unexpected surpriz'd,  
 You'd been dazzled, my love, with such myriads in arms,  
 Who in Hyde Park Reviews find such exquisite charms.

---

\* On the 16th of May, the grand army advanced in five columns, the two on the left were destined to carry the passage of the river *Marque*, and by driving back the French, posted on the opposite banks, to cover the operations of the three remaining columns, ordered to force the enemy in possession of *Roubaix*, *Watreloos*, and *Moucron*, thereby favouring *CLAIR-FAIT*'s manœuvres to pass over the river *Lys*. By the intended junction of the two armies, all communication between *Lille* and *Courtray* would have been cut off. On the 17th, the passage of the river *Marque* was forced so late, and the troops were so fatigued that they did not accomplish the remainder of the proposed plan, and the column on the right under General *BUSCHE*, finding the enemy at *Moucron* too strongly posted to risque an attack, fell back upon *Waercois sur l'Escaut*. Lieut. Gen. *OTTO*'s column advancing through *Liers*, drove the enemy from *Watreloos*, pushing on to *Turcois*, between *Menin* and *Roubaix*, while that under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of *YORK*, consisting of seven battalions of British infantry, (the guards and second brigade) five of Austrians, and two of Hessians, with six squadrons of light Dragoons, and four of Austrian Hussars, moved forwards from *Templeuve*, forcing the enemy to evacuate *Lannoi*, after a short cannonade. There Major *WRIGHT* of the artillery was unfortunately killed, on nearly the same spot where Capt. *SUTHERLAND* fell, and Capt. *THORNTON* lost an arm the former campaign. Major *WRIGHT* was an officer of great professional merit, and universally regretted; his thigh was smashed by a cannon-ball, so severely, that no surgical assistance could be of the least service. Lieut. Col. *LUDLOW*, of the flank battalion of guards, received a severe wound in the left arm by a grape shot, which rendered immediate amputation necessary.



The French as we march'd tow'rd's Roubaix from Tem-  
pleuve,

Were speedily destin'd our prowess to prove,  
We treated their posts with a few shot and shell,  
And aw'd by our presence they rapidly fell.

Here the — would as prudence\* commanded have stay'd,  
Since the Austrians their destin'd attacks had delay'd;

---

\* The Duke of YORK not having received any intelligence from the columns on his right and left, after having carried the post of Roubaix, did not think it prudent to advance any further, but meant to have taken a position on the heights behind Lannoi, leaving the advanced guard under Gen. ABERCROMBIE at *Roubaix*. The orders for this purpose were actually given, when the Emperor directed his Royal Highness to proceed to the attack of *Mouvaux*. Thus the blame of having advanced this column so near to the fortrefs of Lille, was certainly removed from the British Commander in Chief, and the subsequent misfortunes sustained by the troops, were entirely owing to the rashness and indiscretion of his Imperial Majesty. The attack was however instantly made by the four battalions of guards, forming the advanced corps, led on by General ABERCROMBIE. After a short but lively cannonade, the grenadiers and light infantry dashed into the village, and in taking possession of it, Lieut. Col. MANNERS, who commanded the light infantry, was slightly wounded. The Republicans retired, leaving three pieces of cannon behind them, and were pursued by the light dragoons as far as *Bondues*, a village on the *Chaussée*, about one league and three quarters from Lille, and Lieut. Col. CHURCHILL reported great numbers that his men had sabred. Lieut. Gen. ABERCROMBIE remained with the guards at *Mouvaux*:—four Austrian battalions were posted to cover Roubaix, and the second brigade was detached to the left, under the command of Major Gen. Fox, to take up a position on the *Chaussée*, leading from Roubaix to Lille, (near *Croix*.) The advanced posts communicating with General OTTO, on the heights towards Turcoin.

But great Cæsar puff'd up by apparent success,  
 Still anxious tow'rd's CLAIRFAIT's position to press,  
 Insisted we straight should advance on the foe,  
 And suddenly seize on the post of Mouvaux.  
 ABERCROMBIE was destin'd to lead on the van.  
 That steady, that brave, cool, deliberate man!  
 In whom ev'ry talent is seen to combine,  
 By which we the Soldier, the General define.  
 His deep-mouth'd artillery ceasing to roar,  
 We knew by that token resistance was o'er,  
 In a very few moments the fall we could see  
 Of that dry naked Pole y'clep'd Liberty's Tree,  
 Which if we're permitted to judge by the fruit,  
 Has never in Gallia found means to take root.  
 The *tri-colour'd* banner was hurl'd to its base,  
 And the union triumphantly wav'd in its place.

Now, Lucy, prepare, I'm about to disclose,  
 A tale from your cheeks that must pilfer the rose;  
 Must make all your beautiful hairs stand on end,  
 As to perils unheard of before you attend.  
 Ere Aurora had sipp'd up the dew from the meads,  
 Or Apollo had harness'd his fire-breathing steeds;  
 Lille's ponderous gates on their hinges creek'd loud,  
 And the Frenchmen came issuing forth in a crowd;  
 While sily another strong column drew near,  
 Which, WATRELOO forcing thro', menac'd our rear.  
 One single battalion, the whole that remain'd  
 With us, as DEVAY\* both the others obtain'd;

---

\* The next morning at day-break, the enemy attacked Turcoin, where Gen. DEVAY was posted, and two Battalions were detached by the Duke of YORK, to make a diversion in

Unable the smallest resistance to make,  
 Dispersing were seen to their heels to betake.

---

his favour, with express orders to fall back if hard pressed : they however joined the Austrians, and thus, an opening was left for his Royal Highness's right. At this moment, Lille poured forth its numerous garrison in every direction ; while the Republicans from Moucron forced their way through Gen. OTTO's position by *Watreloo*. Thus was the British column completely surrounded, and in their endeavours to retreat, the troops were thrown into the greatest confusion. The guards had fallen back through Roubaix, and had passed the gates of the town, when the batt horses alarmed by the firing which was incessant, broke in upon their ranks, kicking and plunging with their loads turned under their bellies ; thus annoyed, the Brigade formed as regularly as circumstances would permit, moving with the reserve artillery in front towards *Lannoi*, supposing that town in possession of the Allies. The Hessians however had been driven from it with considerable loss, and Lieut. Col. CONGREVE was first convinced of their retreat by some French cavalry, (who were mistaken for Hessians,) riding up to cut the traces of the horses drawing the guns, which he endeavoured to turn upon the French, the moment he perceived they were in possession of the town ; but owing to the narrowness of the road, and the *clayey soil* which clogged the wheels, could not effect his purpose, before the Republican Hussars accomplished theirs. The troops then faced about, and escaped with difficulty, but the whole of the artillery fell into the hands of the enemy, consisting fortunately of only light field pieces and howitzers. The battalions finding their retreat cut off were forced to cross the country towards Templeuve, and scrambled as well as they could to their camp at Marquain, with a loss of near 300 men, killed, wounded, and missing. Capt. DRUMMOND of the Flank Battalions, was slightly wounded. The Austrian Hussars increased the confusion, by riding over the infantry in every



Thus abandoned on all sides in vain we essay'd  
To smell out the First or the Second Brigade ;

---

direction. These corps are *certainly* of *great use*, and, thoroughly convinced of that, are at all times anxious to take the best care of themselves ; possessing very little of that true steady courage for which their countrymen are generally noted, however *valiantly* they may charge and pursue a dispersed, and beaten enemy.

One of the colours belonging to the third Regiment of Guards was unfortunately lost, but not taken by the enemy as has been *mis stated*. A Serjeant was carrying it *casé*, as is usual on a march ; when a party of British cavalry pressing on their rear, the Battalion was ordered to open and let them pass, in a very narrow road with deep muddy ditches on each side ; into one of those the Serjeant with the colours was thrown, and stunned by the fall ; upon his recovery in his hurry to overtake his Battalion, he forgot the colours. As we have seen no detail in the papers, of any pompous Conventional harrangue, upon the Republican General's having found the British Colours in a ditch, we may reasonably conclude its remains are mouldering there at this moment.

The Second Brigade did not escape so well as the First, being unable from their situation to make as speedy a retreat. Cut off from the Guards, and finding Lannoi in the hands of the enemy, they fell back upon Gen. OTTO's column, at the village of Liers ; cleared their way through the surrounding opponents repeatedly, and charged with such fury, that they even took a momentary possession of some French guns. No troops ever behaved with greater gallantry, and their escape was truly miraculous. The Fifty-third Regiment lost 200 men. The Thirty-seventh 180 ; and the Fourteenth 150. Major BROWN of the Fourteenth, was wounded and taken prisoner. Capt. COOK, Lieut. MURRAY, and Lieut. CUNYNGHAME of the Thirty-seventh, fell also into the hands of the enemy ; Capt. BRISBANE, and Ensign PIERCE, of the Fifty-third, were

Tho' we thought we had luckily found the right scent,  
 When to Roubaix in chase of the Second we went,  
 For we winded a delicate kick'd-up ragout,  
 Which whisper'd friend F--x we should soon have in view.  
 But, alas! 'twas our dreadful misfortune to find  
 F—x was off, tho' the scent remain strongly behind,  
 And judge, as a corner we gallop'd sharp round,  
 Our surprize, when *the French* in the village we found;  
 Yet our horses produc'd with their feet such a clatter,  
 That, little conceiving the truth of the matter,  
 They thought we against them were cavalry leading,  
 And were taking their leave with the utmost good breeding:  
 But they gave us a volley of musquetry first,  
 And General de *Post Haster's* teeth cranch'd the dust.

We wheel'd on a pivot, no time to be lost,  
 And push'd tow'rds a river, *or ditch*, which we cross'd.  
 In the ——'s horse strong symptoms of madness appear'd,  
 For at sight of the water he snorted and rear'd :  
 And kick'd at the rowels, tho' often applied,  
 Till the spurs disappear'd, buried deep in each side, }  
 So his rider dismounted and plung'd in the tide.

---

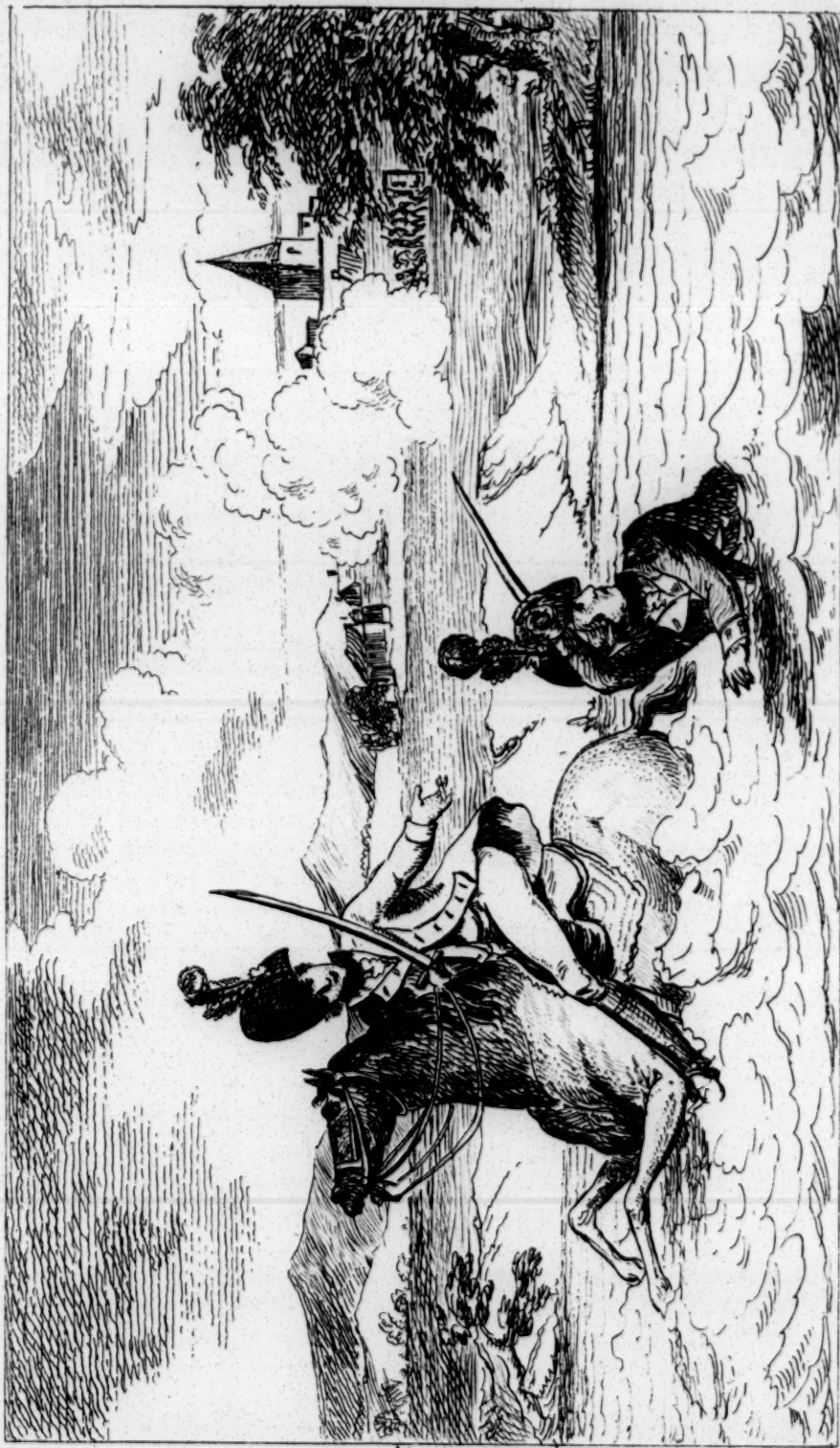
wounded. Lieuts. M'KENSIE, of the Thirty-seventh, and RY-  
 AND, of the Fifty-third, were missing. The Light Dragoons  
 sustained a considerable loss of men and horses. MR. BRADLEY,  
 surgeon to the Fifteenth, was killed, and his Mate wounded.—  
 47 horses were also killed, 32 wounded, and 117 missing, inclu-  
 ding the horses belonging to the Artillery, but exclusive of the  
 officers' saddle and batt horses, many of which were taken by  
 the enemy. Lieut. ROGERS of the Artillery was wounded;  
 Lieut. DOWNMAN missing.

Like a second Leander he beat back the billows.  
 And at length gain'd dry land by the help of the willows.  
 The Carmagnols judging pursuit was in vain,  
 Like Hell hounds still eager our lives to obtain,  
 An eight pounder planted, and levelling well,  
 Each ball they dispatch'd from it, close to us fell;  
 For the beautiful star they would fain have possess'd,  
 Which dazzled their eyes on his Highness's breast.  
 But, LUCE, tho' my legs to their mercy I yielded,  
 BRUNSWICK's finewy shoulders my head fully shielded,  
 For it rush'd on my mind, that at Norwood a witch  
 Had declar'd like a dog I should die in a ditch;  
 And tho' all superstition as nonsense I treat,  
 I fear'd her prediction, those dogs would complete.  
 A horse\* at a distance I spied on the shore,  
 And his Highness was mounted as well as before.

---

\* This was generally supposed to have been a led horse, belonging to one of his Royal Highness's Aid-de-Camps; but that gentleman gives the following account of the circumstance. He was riding, attended by an orderly Dragoon, leading a horse loaded with body cloaths; and finding the girths of his own saddle loose, dismounted to buckle them up tighter, when his charger alarm'd by the firing galloped off. Not conceiving the batt horse properly comparisoned for an Aid-de-Camp, to the Commander in Chief, he mounted the Dragoon's, leaving him with the other; which must have been the one on which his Royal Highness so fortunately escaped, unless the Soldier caught Capt. ———y's original run-away steed, as indeed appears highly probable, the only historical account which has transpired, informing us the horse was led.





*Pubd by Cadell & Davies, Strand.*

*Perils by Sea.*



Our fears lent us wings, and we quickly gain'd fight  
Of OTTO, and halted with him for the night.

Sure LUCY must own provocation enough,  
Made us mention Friend FRANCIS in terms rather rough;  
For his obstinate folly, take notice, my fair,  
Near consign'd this poor body to birds of the air.  
Had he not mighty FREDERICK's advice rashly spurn'd,  
Much better accounts I had doubtless return'd.  
Now, alas! he may bluster and talk wond'rous loud,  
But his Sun of Prosperity's set in a cloud.  
We sneak'd back to Tournay crest fall'n and disgrac'd,  
And you'll sigh as our loss in the papers is trac'd;  
But we've seen some sharp fire, and we're here to relate it,  
And we'll soon into every language translate it.  
For in nothing on earth we more pleasure discover,  
Than in boasting of danger whence once it is over;  
And therefore, my Charmer, e'en chatter your fill,  
Talk as much of our hair-breadth escapes as you will;  
But in danger, in confidence, or consternation,  
Believe me your's, ever without variation.



---

## LETTER IX.

*Pichegru's unsuccessful Attempts to invest Tournay—The Aid-de-Camp a better General than the Emperor—The Second Brigade of British Infantry dispossess the French of the Village of Pontachin, by Storm, and change the Fortune of the Day.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, TOURNAY, May 23, 1794.

VICTORIA, Victoria! still high shall thy name  
Britannia, be placed in the annals of fame;  
We've paid back our foes the late drubbing they gave us,  
And thank'd them *in kind*, for their wish to enslave us.  
Ere Sol\* thro' our curtains had ventur'd to peep,  
Whilst Luna yet ting'd the still waves of the deep;  
We were rous'd from our slumbers by distant alarms,  
And the sound of harsh drums beating loudly to arms.  
To the camp half awake then we instantly flew,  
Our forces in order of battle to view,

---

\* On the 19th of May, the position of the Duke's army was changed, the reserve forming in line nearly parallel to the Chaussée leading from Tournay to Orchies; the rest *en potence* towards Pontachin, occupying as out posts, the villages of Blandin, La Main, Camphin, &c.

The French advanced to the attack at day-break, on the morning of the 22d; and about nine o'clock their whole force, computed at 100,000 men, poured down upon the right wing of the Emperor's army, with intention if possible of pushing over the Scheldt, to invest Tournay. A column from Courtray bore down at the same time upon the village of Pieq, and one from Menin upon Templeuve, en Dessemez.

When *the Van* under BUSCHE, driven back from Espierres,  
 To the main body fast we perceiv'd drawing near;  
 For PICH'GRU declar'd the first lesson he got  
 By rote, was to strike while the iron was hot;  
 And true to his maxim drew yesterday nigh us,  
 With an overgrown force, meant to awe and defy us.  
 Thus the first opportunity flew to embrace,  
 Having long cast a leering sheep's eye on this place,  
 For he'd heard of its wealth with a shrug of amaze,  
 And wish'd to turn out a few red caps to graze;  
 So following the blows up he'd recently dealt us,  
 Again brought his thirty-two pounders\* to pelt us,  
 And the fire he kept up, ev'ry moment encreasing,  
 Form'd a thundering concert sublime and unceasing;  
 Our right wing long masters remain'd of the plain,  
 Retreating at intervals force to regain.

When the French, by the hopes of rich plunder†  
 impell'd,  
 Pour'd down with intention of crossing the Scheldt,

---

\* The French at all times bring much heavier guns into the field than the Allies; a system introduced by DUMOURIEZ, at the battle of Jemappe. Before that period, pieces of ordnance of a calibre, to carry balls of 32 pounds weight, were never known to have been used as field pieces.

† And what is it but the hopes of plunder that keeps the French armies united? It is evident the troops have no regard for their leaders, as they suffer them to be daily dragged to the Guillotine; and they repose a trust in the Rulers of the Convention, merely because they find their wants supplied. Though torn from their cheerful hearths, from the bosom of their families, they are clothed and regularly paid; and while

But our twenty-four pounders drawn up on the shore,  
 Indignant redoubled their bellowing roar :  
 From their horrible jaws the dire messengers fled,  
 And their course might be mark'd by the myriads of dead ;  
 From the clouds overloaded, concuss'd\* by the sound,  
 Issued torrents that *flooded* the country around,  
 And tho' lull'd was the fire by the weight of the rain,  
 Encreas'd by suspension, it burst forth again.

Far too feeble my powers, dear Girl, I assure ye,  
 To paint the tremendous effects of its fury.

the war continues, riot in luxuries in the conquered countries, at a time, when the citizens unaffected by the Requisitions, are starving in the interior. Can it be expected, that 780,000 men, regularly trained to arms, will peaceably return to trim their vines, and pass their leisure hours in thoughtless gaiety, as heretofore? certainly not. The soldiers will either seize upon the reins of government, and dictate laws to the *soi disant Republique* ; or, dividing into bands of free booters, devour their own country, when no longer permitted to prey upon their neighbours.—Peace to Europe—must give a death blow to the Convention, or to the existing government of the Republic, by whatever name distinguished ; and should PICHEGRU's head retain its position on his shoulders, though his temples may not be encircled by the diadem, we may perhaps see him reign *for a period*, as Military Dictator, with all the unbounded power of the XIVth Louis.

\* It is by no means uncommon for a heavy cannonade to occasion a fall of rain, and the most experienced Veterans in the combined armies declared, that a more incessant fire was never heard than on the 22d of May. The inhabitants of *Tournay* described the effects of the artillery, to have been like uninterrupted peals of thunder, succeeding with such rapidity, as to form one grand tremendous *roar*.



From the ramparts of Tournay the fray was perceiv'd,  
 And the hearts of the Natives all piteously heav'd;  
 But the prayers of our Monks at St. Martin's were heard,  
 And the fate of poor Tournay, at least was deferr'd;  
 Tho' could I have popp'd in a fly word of advice,  
 Believe me the day had been won in a trice;  
 Just by planting some cannon à l'autre coté,  
 De l'Escaut\*, près d'la Montagne dite la Trinité,  
 Which wonderful slaughter and havoc had made,  
 By treating our foes with a fire *enfilade*:  
 However my counsel was never demanded,  
 As Imperial Cæsar in person commanded,  
 So had matters turn'd out, Lucy, better or worse,  
 We all must have lauded his judgment of course.

Bright Phœbus had finish'd his task, and to rest,  
 After all his fatigues turn'd his eyes to the West;  
 When our wearied-out troops were perceiv'd to remove  
 From Pontachin, (previously driv'n from Templeuve,)  
 And we very much fear'd if allow'd to remain  
 In the former, the French would their object obtain.

---

\* Sir ROBERT LAWRIE when reconnoitering with some light dragoons on the right banks of the Scheldt, near the village of Kain, immediately opposite to Pontachin; (which it must be observed, is marked *Ramegnies*, on the maps of the country,) could plainly perceive many of the enemy's troops that were not brought into action, laying down upon the grass, as the French Generals usually keep great numbers in reserve. Had a few guns been planted there, they must have taken the Republicans in flank, and probably would have obliged them to retreat very early in the day.

To Britons 'twas left to recover the day,  
 The Saviours to prove of their fav'rite Tournay.  
 Fox again was conspicuously seen at their head,  
 And his brave band of *Vet'rans* he gloriously led ;  
 For if Vet'rans, dear LUCY ! by practice are made,  
 What troops have had more than our Second Brigade !  
 Yet the laurels they've reap'd they have pay'd for I fear,  
 For their ranks have been thin'd\* with a vengeance this  
 year.

Could I now their behaviour, surpassing all praise,  
 Paint in language befitting ; a chaplet of bays,  
 Apollo would place on my head, with a smile,  
 But so humble my muse, un aspiring my style,  
 Not a sprig will be destin'd these temples to grace,  
 While on Crusca's, whole brooms find a durable place.  
 For a metaphor, he to the heav'ns will ascend,  
 None can equal his flights, and *but few* comprehend,  
 Yet accept of such verse as is mine to bestow,  
 And suffice it, brave fellows ! your countrymen know  
 Ev'ry soldier on service has merited well,  
 Whether scarlet, buff, yellow, or blue his lappel ;  
 Not more rapid the hawk on the sparrow descends,  
 Ere his talons the timorous prisoner rends,  
 Less impatient the huntsman, fly reynard in fight,  
 Springs forth to the chase, than they sprang to the fight,

---

\* The Fourteenth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-third Regiments, could only muster 7,000 men on the 22d of May, having, since they took the field in 1794, lost 836 in killed, wounded, and missing.

Not a shot from their pieces allow'd to escape,  
 And braving the volleys of bullets and grape,  
 With the bayonet they Pontachin forc'd, and pursu'd  
 Their foes, who with wonderful fleetness endued ;  
 Tow'rd PICH'GRU their road were impatient to find,  
 Leaving guns, ammunition\*, and wounded behind ;  
 Thus their end was defeated, we're still where we were,  
 But, alas ! I confess all our boasting ends there ;  
 For in spite of resistance, this Champion of France,  
 When defeated on this side, on that will advance ;  
 And scarce do our ears sounds of victory greet,  
 Than they're follow'd by orders that whisper retreat ;  
 And MACK has declar'd that unless inundation†  
 Ensues, and o'erwhelms half the folks of the nation,

\* Five hundred prisoners, and 7 pieces of cannon were taken by the Allies, in the course of the day. In storming the village of Pontachin, the Second Brigade lost 123 men, killed, wounded, and missing. Major of Brigade COCKRANE, and Lieut. MC'LEAN of the Thirty-seventh died of their wounds. The other officers wounded were, Capt. SPEED, and Lieut. MITCHELL of the Thirty-seventh ; Lieutenants ROBINSON, ROGERS, and Ensign PIERCE, of the Fifty-third. The enemy's loss must have been more than doubled in the official dispatches ; it was there computed at 12,000, and including killed and wounded, could not *certainly* amount to 5,000 : For we know that the effects of artillery, when troops are not, generally speaking, within sight of each other, are by no means so dreadful as is commonly imagined.

† At this time it was evident that Flanders would ultimately fall into the hands of the Republicans, as there was no appearance of the stipulated reinforcement of Prussians, intended



These brigands, these ragged detestable bands,  
 Fair Belgium will wrest from the Emperor's hands.  
 For matters are brought to so desp'rate a pass  
 By the would-be Republicans, rising en masse,  
 That they talk of a serious and early debate,  
 Whether *now* we should leave it, or not, to its fate ;  
 If ——, but hark, the loud ratt'ling of footsteps I hear,  
 Dinner's serv'd, and unless I this moment appear,  
 The *fallad* will vanish, ere I can cry snacks,  
 What chance of a Lettice, if H—R—Y attacks ?  
 No wonder you'll own, as our Chief each ingredient  
 Infuses, *to gorge*, all men think it expedient ;  
 Adieu—After Dinner as usual by stealth,  
 I shall take *the first* bumper, you'll guess to whose health.

to co-operate with his Imperial Majesty. General MACK gave it as his decided opinion, that the sluices should be opened, and Maritime Flanders laid under water : This would have ruined the country, destroying not only the lands, but the cattle, and probably many of the inhabitants ; it was therefore rejected.

Good accounts have been received from Gen. BEAULIEU, in the Duchy of Luxembourg. Having advanced upon *Bouillon*, on the 18th of May, he defeated a considerable body of French troops, covering that Canton, killed 1,200 ; took above 200 prisoners, and 6 pièces of cannon, gaining possession of the town. The coalesced army on the Upper Rhine, had remained unmolested by the Republicans, and perfectly idle till the 18th, when a general attack was made upon Ogerthiem, Frankenthal, and the neighbouring country. On the 21st, a Pontoon Bridge was thrown over the Rhine, and on the 22d, the Prussian Van crossed under the command of Prince HOHENLOHE, proceeding towards the Duchy of Deux Ponts, and driving the enemy back upon Turkiem, and Kaiserslautern.

---

---

## LETTER X.

*Timely evacuation of Tournay.—Clairfait's defeats, productive of general retrograde movements.—Good Faith and Moderation of our Allies.*

HEAD QUARTERS, RENAIX, June, 7, 1794.

OF thy turrets, poor Tournay ! we've had a last view,  
To the fathers have sigh'd an eternal adieu ;  
Disasters have followed disasters so fast,  
We've been forc'd to abandon St. Martin's at last.  
Now their linen, their laces, their silver and gold,  
Must be all without mercy, slap dash Carmagnol'd ;  
And those monkeys\* and tygers will wallow in grain,  
Reap sufficient to last them another campaign,  
And plump up their hollow lean faces again. }  
What though ORANGE had purpled his Sambret† with  
blood,  
Though CLAIRFAIT their repeated attacks had withstood,

---

\* The monkey's SKIN, the tyger's HEART.

When the Republicans over-ran the fertile provinces of Flanders, the peasants were preparing to put the sickle to the grain ;—and rich as the harvest is *at all times* in that delightful country, it was in 1794 peculiarly abundant.

† At this period the French were besieging Charleroi, and, to cover the siege had crossed the Sambre, and taken up a position near Josselie, between Mons and Namur. The hereditary Prince of ORANGE on the 16th of June attacked and defeated them. They were driven back, and forced to repass the river with a loss, stated, at 7,000 men, 22 pieces of cannon, and

By numbers oppress'd, he gave way in the end,  
 Unable with odds so immense to contend;  
 And by retrograde motion his forces were sent  
 From pillar to post, till they shelter'd in GHENT.

You remember when last at keen appetite's call,  
 I hasten'd to dinner, and shorten'd my scrawl;  
 That I told you in council our gen'als would meet,  
 And determine if fitting or not to retreat;  
 But little we thought to have found, to his shame,  
 Prince COBOURG was playing a sly double game:  
 That tho' of fam'd chieftains he'd form'd a fierce quorum,  
 The matter was fix'd ere he brought it before 'em.  
 Ypres\* gone,—CHARLEROI a bombardment sustaining,  
 Not a faint ray to brighten, our prospects remaining;  
 Bag and baggage we mov'd without further delay,  
 And fought out new stalls for the mules at RENAIX:

---

35 ammunition waggons. The enemy, a few days after, again crossed the river in greater force, and were enabled completely to invest the place.

CLAIRFAIT had been forced to fall back from *Thielt* upon Deynse; and, after an obstinate engagement on the 23d, in which he lost a considerable number of his men, was forced to retreat to Ghent.

\* Ypres surrendered to the French on the 17th of June, and the garrison marched out on the 19th as prisoners of war. The Governor might certainly have held out much longer, as it was one of the *very few* towns in Flanders, where the works had been in some degree repaired: A want of ammunition was the plea for capitulating. The Emigrants, forming a great part of the garrison, were given up, *as usual*, to be shot *en masse*. Intelligence had about this period been received that, on the 26th of May, ROBESPIERE's motion had been passed into a decree, ordering the French troops to give no quarter to the British and



Yet had we attended to COBOURG\*, I ween,  
 We now in the gripe of those devils had been;  
 Like rats in a trap, 'tis as clear as noon day,  
 They'd have held up to view nos fiers guerriers Anglais.  
 While the Kaisers, sly dogs! knew they'd no time to lose,  
 And in time slipp'd their own brawny necks from the  
 noose.

More and more ev'ry moment we're led to despise  
 Our valiant, our good, and our faithful allies;  
 And simple JOHN BULL far too nobly behaves  
 To a tribe of such pilfering, pitiful, knaves.  
 There's *Fred'rick*† would pick out his money, heart,  
 soul, and  
 Life, to obtain a few acres of Poland:

Hanoverian soldiers: and, on the 7th of June, the Duke of YORK gave out a very just, spirited, and humane address to his army on the occasion; well calculated to restrain them from butchering the prisoners who might accidentally fall into their hands, supposing the orders from the Convention would be attended to.

\* There is no doubt but the Emperor had, at this period, determined to give up the provinces of Flanders, and the council of war, invoked to consider what troops should remain to garrison Tournay, (as a part were to be detached to augment the army of the Sambre,) was a mere farce, for the Duke of YORK perceived the Austrians filing through the town the very moment the matter was debating; and, justly incensed at this instance of treachery on the part of the imperialists, refused to permit the British to remain in garrison as *had been proposed* by COBOURG. They accordingly marched from Tournay on the 25th, and encamped near Renaix.

† Though FREDERICK had received his subsidy, "*and placed it to account,*" not a single Prussian had joined the Allies to

And lately we hear that the pious she-bear,  
 A few hundred thousands expects as her share,  
 For having growl'd forth for us many a pray'r. }  
 But, alas! in this instance, old adages fail,  
 Or the pray'rs of the righteous would surely prevail.  
 Great Cæsar talks loud of a want of supplies,  
 And repeats in his slumbers the word "subsidize:"  
 And PITT says no reason on earth can be shewn,  
 Why he should'nt have *snacks* in the shape of a loan;  
 Reserving the power in his own courts to sue him,  
 And in failure of int'rest to smash and undo him.  
 Egad, now I think on't again, he had better  
 Beware swinging costs, and the Counsellor's letter.  
 For once, I remember, at suit of my taylor,  
 Though I manag'd to keep from the fangs of a jailor;  
 The matter came on in the court, Banco Regis,  
 When 'twas prov'd by a chattering Filius Legis,  
 That SWEITZER had sent me cloth, buckram, stay tape,  
 And increas'd not a little my elegant shape;  
 That his charges, all honest, and fair were, and yet  
 Defendant disputed so legal a debt!  
 And thus 'twas my fate to find out in the sequel,  
 Serjeant SHUFFLE's demand, and my taylor's, were equal;  
 So I'd better have paid Snip without any fufs,  
 And ergo *great Cæsar* had better pay us.  
 The Bourgeois à *Bruge*\* sent a welcome in form,  
 Determin'd with compliments PICH'GRU to storm;

---

co-operate in the protection of Flanders. It was stipulated by the treaty, that the extra contingent should have taken the field with CLAIRFAIT, in the beginning of May.

\* Upon CLAIRFAIT's retreating to Ghent, General Count WALMODEN fell back with the Hanoverians, upon the right

More sincere and more hearty, perhaps they may be,  
 Than those they hail'd us with in ninety and three.  
 The intention is now to defend Oudenarde,  
 Which the French at this moment like furies bombard.  
 And alas! my dear girl, I no longer can send  
 Intelligence straight by the way of Ostend.  
 Tormenting delays we are doom'd to endure,  
 The messengers take such a swinging detour\*.  
 Moira's army is daily expected, and then  
 We must make up our minds to see Brabant again;  
 For arrive when they will, 'tis too late I'm afraid,  
 To recover the lands which these miscreants invade.  
 In the height of his phrenzy, since JOSEPH† kick'd down  
 The works of each ci-devant fortified town.

---

flank of the Austrians, abandoning Bruges on the 26th; when the municipality sent deputies, with an invitation to the French, assuring them of a cordial reception, and dwelling much upon the known good faith and generosity of their conquerors. Lord MOIRA's army having landed suddenly at Ostend, proceeded to *Maele*, a village within four miles of Bruges on the *Chaussée*, leading to Ghent, which induced the Republicans, to postpone their triumphal entry for a season.

\* The evacuation of Ostend having been determined upon, the messengers were obliged to go round by Flushing, and it was frequently very long before accounts could be received from England.

† In the reign of the Emperor Joseph, the fortifications in Flanders were indiscriminately levelled with the ground; as he found the inhabitants prone to insurrections, and ready, upon every trifling pretext, to revolt. His successors, and especially FRANCIS the Second, had to lament the mistaken policy, which induced him to destroy some of the most complete works that art had ever constructed.



Scarce a bastion or counterscarp Belgium can boast,  
 To stop the advances of PICHEGRU's host.  
 Hence we ever have found, and shall still find her yield  
 To the leader who marches en masse to the field;  
 For though myriads of Gen'als deny what I say,  
 Perseverance and numbers must carry the day.  
 This COBOURG discover'd when Charleroi\* fell,  
 And he march'd sadly maul'd to encamp at Nivelles.

---

\* Although there was every reason to fear that Charleroi had fallen into the hands of the enemy, as no certain intelligence had been received of its surrender, an attack determined upon for its relief was carried into effect. Prince COBOURG's army accordingly marched in five columns on the 25th of June, and, on the 26th, advanced on the enemy's entrenchments, extending from *Fleurus* to *Fontaine L'Evêque*: protected by the natural declivity of the ground, and rendered still more formidable by an extensive line of redoubts, in which were placed an immense number of heavy guns.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the advanced corps of JOURDAN's army was driven back by COBOURG's right wing, while his *left* pushing on, gained the principal heights in front of the fortrefs, endeavouring to force the enemy's position at the end of the bayonet; and naturally expecting the garrison, (supposing the place still in possession of their own troops,) would fall forth upon the rear of the Republican army. The gates of the fortrefs had however been unfortunately thrown open to the besiegers on the preceding evening (the 25th) and the left wing of the Imperialists was thus left exposed to the brunt of the battle; when the *French Garrison* joining the army that had been employed to cover the siege completely turned the fortune of the day. COBOURG then retreated to Marbaix, with a loss of 1,500 men, and the next morning fell back, forming a line between Braine le Comte

Farewell; it will grieve me the pen to resume,  
As I fear we've no chance of dispersing this gloom.

---

and Nivelles, protecting Namur, and *Brussels*. The French, at the same time, made an incursion into the Duchy of Luxembourg, with 40,000 men, and taking possession of *Arlons*, obliged Gen. BEAULIEU to retire from *Bouillon*, and fall back upon *Marche*, to cover *Namur*.

The evacuation of Flanders has generally been regarded as a matter of policy on the part of his imperial majesty; who, irritated by the want of energy and disaffection of the turbulent inhabitants, was determined they should experience the difference between his mild government, and the despotic sway of the French disciples of ROBESPIERRE's faction. Had this been the case, Field Marshal CLAIRFAIT would assuredly have received a hint of his Sovereign's intention; as a prodigious number of lives might then have been easily spared, that were sacrificed, while that unfortunate general was disputing the ground inch by inch with the invaders. If, however, it afforded the Emperor any consolation in the midst of his misfortunes, to know that the natives of the Netherlands smarted severely under the Republican gripe, his feelings must have been gratified in a peculiar manner. Every young man capable of bearing arms, found himself in requisition. The coin of the country was called in, and exchanged, for assignats, *at par*. Merchandize, and private property, were indiscriminately seized upon, and the Revolutionary Tribunal was kept in constant employ, by the commissioners sent to *fraternize* and unite Belgium with the French nation. Amongst the numerous victims to their insatiable barbarity, were two beautiful young women, *Marechandes de modes* à TOURNAY.

Britannia's sons are ever tremblingly alive to the charms of the fair sex, it is no wonder, therefore, that the angelic sisters of the *grand place* found many admirers in the Duke of YORK's army, which had been so long, and so frequently encamped in the neighbourhood. The young women selected their favourites,

an *attachement du cœur* subsided between them and two English officers, and after the evacuation of the town, letters from their absent lovers, were found in their possession. Accused of having corresponded with the enemy, they were instantly hurried to the *fatal cart*, conveyed to Lille, and never did the merciless blade of the guillotine descend upon more lovely and innocent martyrs.

Ghent was taxed to the amount of seven millions of livres. The convent of nobles in one million; that of Bodeloo in 800,000; and the mercantile houses in proportion; where no specie was to be had, the goods were seized upon. All carriages were considered in a state of requisition, and the owners ordered, under pain of death, to send them to the Abbey St. Pierre, which was converted into a repository.

Bruges was taxed in four millions, of which the clergy were to pay *two*, the noblesse one, and the citizens living upon their incomes, the other.

Ostend was also taxed in two millions, and the numerous warehouses, &c. put in requisition. Every other town, and even village, shared the same fate in proportion to its size. Lille and Dunkirk were fixed upon as the grand *depots* for the plunder thus rapaciously seized upon.

In order to expedite the transportation of this, and of the harvest, all young men from 15 to 30 years of age, were forced to work on the canal leading from Nieuport to Dunkirk; no alternative was allowed; their only choice was *submission* or the *guillotine*!



---

## LETTER XI.

*Evacuation of Flanders.—Of Brabant.—Junction of Lord Moira's Army.—  
Visit from his Serene Highness, and the Orange Family.—Soporific  
Effects of a good Dinner.—Affairs of Bostel.—Consequent  
Retreat across the Maes.*

HEAD-QUARTERS, GROESBEKE, Sept. 22, 1794.

WE breathe for a time; our late dangers are past;  
And we've fairly outrun our pursuers at last.  
In our hurry however it grieves me to find,  
We left our poor brethren at Nieuport\* behind;

---

\* Ostend was evacuated July the 1st; Col. VYSE having previously, with the greatest activity, embarked the garrison, and the 8th, 33d, and 44th regiments of British infantry, with the artillery, stores, and ammunition. Owing to the exertions of Lieut. POPHAM of the navy, (agent of transports in that port,) the ships were all cleared out, excepting an old Indiaman, and a prison ship; the wind blowing strong into the harbour, they could not possibly be removed. The garrison at Nieuport *ought certainly, and might easily*, have been withdrawn at the same time; but, as they were overlooked in the hurry of removing the stores from other places, 500 emigrants, who were found in the town after its surrender, fell into the hands of their enraged countrymen, and were drawn up in the dry ditch, exposed to the fire of artillery, loaded with grape shot. Capt. WILSON who had so bravely defended Nieuport when it was besieged the latter end of October, 1793, and a few British artillery men were made prisoners of war, with the rest of the garrison; though assured, previous to their capitulation, that they should be enlarged, upon passing their parole not to serve against the French nation, during the war.

For we never intended that place to defend,  
 After Yypres had fall'n and we'd given up Ostend :  
 But, Lucy, I own it, our memories fail'd,  
 And humanity forely their treach'ry bewail'd.  
 What oceans of blood, say, have fatten'd thy soil,  
 Fair Belgium ! How bitter the fruits of our toil !  
 Ev'ry moment brings in fresh accounts\* of retiring,  
 And Hope, at last gasp, lies pale and expiring.  
 Prussians, Kaisers, and Hessians, all share the same fate,  
 And the Dutch must experience their's sooner or late.  
 But ORANGE has publish'd a long proclamation,  
 On the wonderful use of the grand inundation,  
 Which Mynheer has receiv'd with a wo-be-gone face,  
 And will scarcely permit it, we fear, to take place.

---

\* The brigade which had been with CLAIRFAIT'S army, consisting of the 12th, 38th, and 55th regiments of British infantry, with part of the 8th, and 14th, light dragoons, fell back upon the British army, July 3d, when on its march from Renaix to the heights of Grammont. On the 4th, the whole proceeded to Wambeke, 5th to Asche, between Dendermonde and Brussels. A violent cannonade was then heard *towards Brussels*, and his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK sent to offer his assistance to Prince COBOURG, wishing to unite the two armies, and make a general attack upon the enemy, in hopes of preserving Brabant, though Flanders was irretrievably lost. The Austrian commander in chief was however of opinion, that it was not worth while to risque another engagement, and accordingly fell back upon Louvain and Tirlemont ; so that the French were enabled to enter Brussels on the 8th. The Duke of YORK'S army marched through Mallines to Conticq on the 9th, and CLAIRFAIT'S filed off towards COBOURG'S position, encamping in a direction to cover Namur.

For I verily think from the depth of his soul,  
He'd give up Nassau for the chant Carmagnol.

MOIRA's\* force, after wonderful toiling has join'd;  
But his lordship at Southton you'll presently find;  
For we could not adjudge him a sep'rate command,  
And a truncheon inferior he hurl'd from his hand.  
His troops with alertness he led to our aid,  
And laurels his brows must in consequence shade.  
*The heroes*† at once were convinc'd, DOYLE may boast  
Of the diff'rence 'twixt Hessians and French at Olost.

\* Lord MOIRA's army from Ghent, consisting of the 19th, 27th, 28th, 40th, 42d, 54th, 57th, 59th, 87th, and 89th regiments, fell in with the Duke of YORK's at Mallines. They were in a miserable plight, without either tents or baggage, and kept at first as a separate body.

Aware that it was of the utmost consequence to bring up *speedily* the reinforcements with which he was entrusted, his Lordship had advanced by forced marches through a country nearly over-run at that *critical period* by the victorious republicans, in a manner that must ever reflect upon him the highest credit.

† On the 6th, an advanced picquet of his Lordship's army stationed at Olost, deceived by the similarity of the uniform of a French corps of hussars, to that of a Hessian regiment of dragoons, (supposed to have been in their front,) permitted the former to gallop into the town, and they had actually reached the market place before the mistake was discovered; a skirmish ensued, in which Lieut. Cols. DOYLE and VANDELEUR were wounded; Mr. GRAHAM, the Adjutant to the 8th light dragoons, was killed; and Lieut. KITSON missing. The 87th, (Lieut. Col. DOYLE's Irish heroes) suffer'd a loss of 3 rank and file killed, 2 officers, 2 serjeants, 2 quarter-masters, 19 rank and file wounded, 1 officer, and 8 rank and file



When at Antwerp we deem'd ourselves settled and quiet,  
 But they drove in our picquets, and rais'd such a riot,  
 That we pack'd up our tatters ; and greys, blacks, and bays  
 Very prudently drew tow'rds the banks of the Maes\* ;

---

were missing. The French Hussars retired as rapidly as they had advanced. The skirmish was followed up by a general attack upon the outposts in front of the canal running from Brussels to Antwerp, they were all driven back upon Mallines ; but, upon the appearance of a reinforcement detached by Lord MOIRA, the enemy retired, and the posts were re-occupied. On the 15th of July the attacks were renewed, and the enemy succeeded in obliging the troops on the left of Mallines to abandon the canal, and retreat from the Dyle ; Lieut. Gen. DALWIG immediately fell back upon Welhem, taking up a position to cover that pass of the river. Lord MOIRA was then detached towards Duffel, and Gen. WALMODEN with the Hanoverians occupied Lierre. The Hanoverians being attacked the same day, and accounts arriving of further retrograde movements on the left, where the Austrians were posted towards Tirlemont, the Duke's army retreated through Wynegham to Khamshoot, leaving Brabant entirely open to the Republicans.

\* The army marched towards Roesendaal in Holland on the 25th of July, and the different corps were then encamped according to the order of battle, forming two lines and a reserve. British on the right ; Hanoverians on the left ; and Hessians in the centre. Hearing that the French were advancing from Antwerp, which place they took possession of on the 24th ; the brigade of guards and some light cavalry forming the reserve under Gen. ABERCROMBIE, were ordered to reconnoitre *on the 30th* in that direction, but the country considerably beyond the outposts was found clear, and no movement took place till the 4th, when they marched through Breda to Ousterhede. We have hitherto called the original three regiments employed with the guards the second brigade.

On our way, for a time, taking up our abode  
 At a neat little village yclep'd Ousterhode.  
 But Mynheer was extremely indignant we saw,  
 At our soiling his streets with our boots at Breda.

Half asleep to our quarters the Stadholder crawl'd,  
 And forth, wondrous effort! some compliments drawl'd;  
 So we begg'd him to fix on a day to take share  
 Of our porter, our port, and our family fare.  
 Thus, Lucy, we soon had the honor to treat  
 The whole tribe of Oranges, seville and sweet:  
 And we vow'd to exhibit a splendid review,  
 Ere we feasted the Prince with our smoaking ragout;  
 Then our men were drawn up with their arms rubb'd so  
     bright,  
 That eyes yet more strong might have shrunk\* from the  
     *light.*

Lord MOIRA's army was now incorporated with the Duke's, and the whole of the infantry brigaded afresh. In addition to the regiments brought over by his lordship, were the 8th, 33d, and 44th, intended to have been under the orders of Lord CORNWALLIS, but detained with the troops in Holland. Another detachment joined at Roefendaal consisting of the 3d, 63d, and 88th, which was left in garrison, at Bergenopzoom, till the British passed the Waal. The whole force under his Royal Highness, including the Hanoverians and Hessians, amounting at that period, to about 33,000 effective men.

\* And such was his serene Highness's, great condescension, that he rode slowly down the whole line, covering at least two leagues of ground, with his hat off, braving the frequent showers of rain, as well as the glare proceeding from the high-polish'd firelocks of the British soldiers.

Behind the young hero his son, made approach  
 A cheval, while *les dames* fill'd a splendid state coach :  
 And the beautiful Prussian\* an angel was seen,  
 While dignity mark'd the mamma in law's mein.  
 Much struck with his drefs, to the Duke's Sergeant Major,  
 (Don't hint it to PHILLIS or fore 'twill enrage her ;)   
 The Stadholder's hat was pulled off with an air,  
 While the fellow amaz'd rear'd his head with a stare,  
 By the two Epaulets Dutch respect† was increas'd,  
 And he fancied him Marefchal de Camp at the least.

We'd before hand invited, well knowing his trade is  
 Soft poison to pour in the ears of the ladies ;  
 The pearly teeth'd peer, yclep'd CHESTERFIELD second,  
 Who the very best bred man in Europe is reckon'd ;  
 Whose spirits no changes of fortune can damp  
 In the heat of an action,‡ or snug in a camp.

\* The King of PRUSSIA's daughter, who was married to the hereditary Prince of ORANGE, at the same time that her sister became Dutcheſs of YORK.

† After paſſing the line, his ſerene Highneſs the Stadholder diſcovered the Sergeant Major, of the Coldſtream, on the left flank, in his drefs coat, bedaubed with broad gold lace, and ornamented with two epaulets. No wonder he was miſtaken for a *Major General*, as amongſt foreigners, military rank is diſtinguiſhed by drefs, and a ſecond epaulet announces a truncheon bearer, or field officer at leaſt.

‡ “ Ever ſprightly, ever gay,  
 Cank'ring care he holds at bay,

And may thoſe ſpirits never droop ! if good humour, eaſe,  
 and affability conſtitute a pleaſant companion, and ſincerity a



In a ball room or tent he for ever the same is,  
 But halt we—already establish'd his fame is.  
 Mamma in law said to her daughter, how finely  
 He talks! and the Princess replied, "O divinely."  
 On the scene that ensued, it seems useless to dwell,  
 For CHESTERFIELD there, *of course* matters went well.  
 Laughter follow'd his fallies that made the floor shake,  
 But his Highness *serene* all our wit fail'd to wake,  
 Till an Aid-de-Camp little respecting his slumbers,  
 Bounc'd in, and dismay'd, talk'd of Frenchmen in numbers\*.

Disturb'd by this sudden unwelcome attack,  
 He star'd, gave a yawn, and sunk heavily back;  
 And it call'd forth the strength of his dutiful spouse,  
 This great Captain General of Holland to rouse.

Some additional hints set us packing in haste,  
 And still nearer old *Maes* our encampment was trac'd:

friend, where shall we find his equal? The same sprightliness of character, tempered with coolness and steady courage, is conspicuous in the hour of danger.

\* The picquets having been driven in, a Dutch aid de camp out of breath came hunting for the Stadholder, when he was at the British head-quarters, to report that the French were advancing, adding with a *peculiar emphasis* "*en assez grand nombre*;" which phrase was afterwards frequently made use of *jocosely* through the camps.

On the 26th of August Sluys surrendered after having made a very steady resistance; it had been besieged from the 27th of July, when Catsandt fell into the hands of the French, enabling them to cut off all communion between Sluys and Holland. The conventional troops investing the place and

For now of Condé and Valenciennes\* possess'd,  
Tow'rs Breda the besiegers had rapidly press'd.

---

covering the siege, amounting to at least 20,000 men. Gen. VANDERDUIN's defence was distinguished by a memorable manœuvre. He ordered several fires to be kindled in the different squares of the town, and while the flames were raging, threw open the gates, and let down the draw bridges. The besiegers supposing their shells had caused this general conflagration, advanced rapidly, to take possession of the fortrefs, when they were suddenly saluted with a well-directed fire of grape and round shot from the ramparts of the place, and nearly 2000 of them fell or were drowned in attempting to cross the inundations. The troops in garrison at Sluys were made prisoners of war, and in consequence of the French advancing upon Hoogstraten, the Duke of YORK's army retreated from the barony of *Breda*; moving from *Ousterbode* at half past two o'clock in the morning on the 29th of August, they encamped at *Helvoort* about four in the evening. On the 30th the tents were again struck about six in the morning, and the left column passing through *Bois le Duc*, (or Hertogenbos as it is usually marked on the maps of Holland,) the army encamped at four in the evening near *Berlicum*.

\* Condé surrendered to the French the 27th of August, Valenciennes the 30th, without making the least shew of defence, though the garrisons were well supplied with provisions ammunition, and every other requisite for sustaining a long siege. When we reflect upon the immense sums of money expended during the siege of Valenciennes, and the numbers of men lost before it, what must be the feelings of those who toiled in the trenches in 1793, at finding it thus shamefully abandoned. The Imperialists had been employed night and day to repair the damaged works, and had constructed several new ones, where they found the easiest impressions had been made *by their own fire*; rendering the fortrefs even more

O Shame ! which no fopiftry ever can blot  
 From History's page ; without firing a fhot,  
 Thofe places which coft us fuch labour and blood,  
 Which for months all attacks might have bravely withftood,

---

formidable than when VAUBAN faw his admirable plan completely executed. Exclusive of the ufual magazines, immense ftores fell into the hands of the enemy, compofed of a great portion of the heavy baggage of the Britifh army, with the ftandards of the cavalry. The Austrians upon their retreat from *Tournay*, certainly fufpected that Condé would be wrefted from the emperor, as they carefully removed their own ftores from that fortrefs, though it was by *Cobourg's* advice that the Duke of YORK made ufe of it as a *depot*. A party of the Scotch greys, previous to the evacuation of Flanders, had ventured very clofe to the town in hopes of recovering their baggage, and were nearly taken prifoners.

It has been ftated that an order, apparently from the emperor, was conveyed to the governor of Valenciennes, (*Gen. Micowini*,) to deliver up the keys to the Republicans ; upon fecuring good terms for his garrifon, wherein his imperial majesty's hand-writing, and the impreffion of his feal, were fo axactly imitated, that no fufpicion was entertained of its being a *forgery*. But what plea could Gen. HEISTER, the Governor of Condé, or the commandant of Quefnoi, (which was ceded to the enemy a fhort time before) make ufe of ? French gold, it is very obvious, occafioned German treachery.

Prince COBOURG about this period refigned the command of the imperialifts, which confequently devolved upon Gen. CLAIRFAIT. Aware that it was then too late in the feafon to fit down before the ftong fortrefs of Bergenopzoom, or even before Breda ; the French were evidently preparing to attack the Duke of YORK's army covering Holland, determined to ufe every effort in their power to over-run the united provinces.



Be it told to the Kaifers' eternal disgrace,  
 Experienc'd once more the fraternal embrace.  
 At Valenciennes, new works to encrease its defence  
 Had been made, at a great, an enormous, expence.  
 Rich stores of all kinds, heavy guns, ammunition,  
 Thus made in an instant a fatal transition ;  
 As if we the fortrefs on trust had receiv'd,  
 To improve, and be then of our burthen reliev'd.

On Boxtel\* our foes pour'd *en masse* in such force,  
 That DYKES and MORASS fail'd to alter their course,

---

\* The French having passed the morafs of Piel, deemed an insuperable barrier between the contending powers ; a sudden attack was made upon all the posts on the right of the Duke of YORK's army on the 14th of September, when that of *Boxtel*, the most advanced, was forced with a loss of 1,500 of the Hesse Darmstadt troops, who were completely surrounded. As the whole line of posts was unteneable, while the enemy remained in possession of Boxtel, a position completely commanding the river *Dommel*, which runs immediately to the town, by *Fort Isabelle*, it was thought necessary to retake it ; and the reserve was accordingly detached for that purpose, composed of the Brigade of Guards, and Twelfth, Thirty-third, Forty-second, and Forty-fourth Regiments of the line, with cavalry and artillery. At day-break on the 15th, General ABERCROMBIE having reconnoitered, found the enemy so strongly posted, that he did not venture to risque the attack without positive orders from the Commander in Chief ; and upon his sending back to his Royal Highness for instructions, he was directed to persist in the attack, but not to proceed further than he thought prudent. In front, and inclining to the left of ABERCROMBIE's corps, which had advanced through *Schyndel*, was a plain, skirted by a thick plantation of firs, in which the

And on Hefsmen's position so rapidly fell,  
That they clear'd in an instant the banks of Dommel.

---

French had constructed several masked batteries. The Coldstream Battalion of Guards had been left on piquet at *Erp*, a village on the river *Aa*, between Bois le Duc and Helmont. The Cavalry, First and Third Guards, with the Thirty-third, and Forty-fourth Regiments of the Line pushed on towards the point of attack, the Twelfth and Forty-second, remaining in reserve in and near Schyndel. Some French Hussars shewed themselves boldly on the level ground, as a lure to the British Cavalry, and retreating before them, dispersed when they had drawn our unwary squadrons within reach of their batteries, which immediately opening upon them, they sustained some loss before they could possibly fall back. Gen. ABERCROMBIE having little doubt by this time, of the proximity of the French Grand Army, conceiving he had obeyed his orders in the fullest extent, by advancing as far as prudence would justify, determined to recall his troops, and to retreat within the British Lines of encampment. Capt. *Bristow*, of the First Guards, having been previously sent with a Company of his Regiment to bring off a French gun, which annoyed one of the Battalions, consequently advancing in front, when orders for this retrograde movement were issued, and unable to join the reserve in time, was taken prisoner.

Mistaken unfortunately for an Emigrant, (for the Hussars had torn off the lappels of his coat, in their hurry to secure the lace,) Capt. Bristow was harshly treated, till he reached the main body of PICHEGRU's army, when that General afforded him every protection in his power. Previous to the attack in reconnoitering, Capt. RUTHERFORD of the Engineers, Assistant Deputy Quarter-Master General, had also fallen into the hands of the Republicans. Lieut. EUSTACE of the Twelfth Foot was missing, six rank and file were killed, two serjeants, twelve privates wounded, four serjeants, one

We therefore determin'd a charge a l'Anglais  
 Should in their turn soon force them to scamper away.  
 ABERCROMBIE led on the reserve, and we hear  
 Was assisted by hints from the fam'd bombardier !  
 But feeling their pulses we presently found  
 Them, "*en assez grand nombre*" and shifted our ground.  
 The retreat was made good, and unmark'd by much  
 slaughter,

We manag'd next morning to punt\* o'er the water.

The Maes here is narrow, though rapid its tide,  
 And our troops, and the French on the opposite side  
 Can freely converse, and the valleys may ring,  
 With their *ça ira*, and our GOD SAVE THE KING†;

drummer, and sixty-four rank and file missing. In the retreat owing to the narrowness of the road a Regiment of Irish Light Dragoons, threw the First Guards into some confusion. Fortunately the Thirty-third Regiment was formed in their rear, and opening to allow them to pass, wheeled up, and instantly throwing a few cool and well directed volleys into the enemy's squadrons, obliged them to decamp precipitately, enabling ABERCROMBIE to retire without further molestation.—Failing in this attempt to retake Buxtell, the Duke's army moved that *very night* towards Grave.

\* On the 16th, Head-quarters were moved to *Wichem*, and the army the next day passed the Maes, when the different corps took up their positions to defend the banks of that river; the British extending from Grave to Afferden—Hessians and Hanoverians thence to Venlo.

† The French Videttes were advanced in many places to the opposite side of the river, and frequently conversed with the British soldiers en piquet, expressing great respect for their national character, and assuring them, that



For the present, all enmity seems to be dropp'd,  
And the firing at out-posts is mutually stopp'd:

---

PICHEGRU's army received with universal disgust the decree of the Convention, to grant their brave enemies no quarter. They would frequently hold forth for hours, with that garrulity peculiar to their country, winding up their remarks with this good and wholesome advice—"Englishmen go home—you have no business here—you are too honest to be leagued with the Austrians and Prussians. They will soon leave you in the lurch—and as to the Hessians, the Landgrave will turn them all over to us to-morrow, if the Convention offers him a Placate a day more than you now pay him."—These conversations usually concluded with our men striking up *God save the King*—and theirs, *A ça Ira*, or the *Carmagnol*.

On the 17th of September, the French assaulted the Austrians, posted on the Maes and the Ourt, to cover Maastricht and Liege. They were as usual, at first repulsed, but on the 19th, completely succeeded, in forcing CLAIRFAIT to abandon his position on the Ourt.

Overpowered by numbers, that unfortunate General was defeated, with a loss estimated at 6,000 men, and fell back upon Aix la Chapelle; when Gen. KRAY threw himself into Maastricht, which place, as the enemy immediately crossed the Maes, was completely invested. On the 21st, the Duke's army changed its position, and head-quarters were moved from Wichem to Groesbeck.

Hitherto no accounts of any importance had been received from the army of Catalonia, though various skirmishes had taken place on the Frontiers of his Catholic Majesty's dominions, in which the Republicans were usually successful, until a levy of 170,000 Spaniards was set on foot.

On the 13th of August, Gen. *Count de la Union*, obtained a complete victory over the enemy before *Bellegarde*. He divided his army into seven columns; six of which composed

But, alas! my dear LUCY, should Bois le Duc fall,  
 Our colours must fly on the banks of the Waal.  
 For these retrograde motions are order'd so often,  
 That I fear, tho' harsh truths we endeavour to soften.  
 Our ears soothing sounds are not likely to meet,  
 And our letters, at length, must be stain'd with "DEFEAT."

---

of 9,000 men each, received orders to disperse and make feigned attacks in every direction, while the seventh, under his own command, amounting to 11,000 choice troops, advanced upon the French redoubts, in front of their entrenched camp. The manœuvre succeeded, and the Spaniards possessed themselves of the enemy's camp equipage, twenty pieces of heavy artillery, six howitzers, and a great number of field pieces. It was generally supposed that at least 4,000 republicans fell in this engagement, and their army afterwards retreated ten leagues beyond Bellegarde. Gen. LA UNION, it was said, lost only 500 men.

---

## LETTER XII.

*The Aid-de-Camp objects to a Winter's Campaign, and prepares to accompany his Royal Highness to England—Aspires to the Truncheon—Qualifications requisite to form a general Officer—The main Body of the Army crosses the Waal—Sortie from Nimeguen—Evacuation of the Place—Dutch Troops made Prisoners.*

HEAD QUARTERS, ARNHEIM, Nov. 24, 1794.

SCARCE fettle'd, when rous'd and again on the wing,  
Still, still of retreating, I mournfully sing!  
The timorous partridge thus fearfully hies her,  
Disturb'd by the steps of the fell Septemb'rizer;  
From stubble to stubble in vain seeking rest,  
The death-dealing tube ever aim'd at her breast.  
Poor trembler! with rancour unceasing pursued,  
Nor like us with the means of escaping endued.  
For swift as the ball speeds its course thro' the air,  
I haste from these blood-hounds in search of my fair.  
In her arms shall all former misfortunes forget,  
So this letter regard as a mere *Esfafette*\*.  
Dispatch'd to prepare me that tender reception,  
Of which none, but lovers, have any conception;  
As fighting in winter is out of all season,  
For our stay there can now be assign'd no good reason.  
Besides this, dear LUCY! we all of us find  
For important commands we're by *Nature* design'd;

---

\* A Messenger sent off express.



Those striplings to M—SE, who have paid due devotion,  
Have all of them met with the highest\* promotion;

---

\* At this period the catalogue of school boys who were promoted to the rank of field officers in the British army, over the heads of deserving *old soldiers*, was swelled out to an enormous, and unprecedented size. The plan of obtaining a sufficient supply of recruits, by giving young gentlemen of fortune, permanent rank in proportion to the numbers they could raise, having been adopted by Government, paved the way to inconceivable abuses. The gazettes could scarcely keep pace with the promotions that took place, and *errata* were continually occurring.

The Army Brokers carried on the most shameful and destructive traffic, openly and in the broad glare of noon day. In a few weeks they would dance any beardless youth, who could come up to their price, from one new raised corps into another; and for a further douceur, by an exchange into an old regiment, would procure him a permanent situation in the standing army, while they laughed to scorn the superannuated Drudges, (as they were usually styled) who had been braving the vicissitudes of unhealthy climates, long before those upstart Chieftains were born. The following are some of the most remarkable instances of the power of money, in the present war, to procure high military rank.

Several gentlemen, well known in the fashionable circles, who had been obliged to sell out of the army, owing to an unfortunate run at play, or perhaps to other causes, were indebted to a favourable turn of the die for their re-establishment and for most rapid promotion: They had won, and seized with an unusual fit of prudence, carried their winnings to the Army Brokers, desiring to be appointed *Field Officers* without delay. Their wishes were *of course* immediately complied with, the cockade remounted, and the titles of Ensign, Lieutenant, and Major, followed each other in such close succession, that their friends

And dancing attendance so long on a Prince,  
Must the world of our wonderful talents convince.

---

were puzzled in what manner to address them ; till they cleared up all doubts, by stepping forth LIEUTENANT COLONELS.

The father of one of those new created Field Officers, wrote to the Colonel Commandant of his Regiment, requesting that his son might have further leave of absence *to finish his education*, as he was by no means fit to be taken from his school ! and doubtless many heroic striplings, possessed of equal rank, joined the corps they were destined to command, smarting under the unclosed scars, received from birchen rod, brandished by ruthless hand of Pedagogue severe.

Formerly interest and character were necessary to procure an establishment in the army, but the respectability of a profession, hitherto regarded as the most honourable in the land, has been so totally done away, that one of the most notorious Black-legs in London, found the light gold circulated at the Faro Bank, and Hazard Tables, of that *arch fiend*, the Proprietor of an infamous Gambling-house, not a hundred miles from St. James's, justly denominated HELL : Arguments sufficiently weighty to procure his son a commission, and ultimately to advance him to a situation, entitling him to command a regiment.

Reflecting upon this golden harvest, THOMPSON, as he struts amidst the Kings of old on the Exchange, harranguing his most fortunate confreres, may fancy himself a second *Æneas*, and exclaim—*et hæc olim meminisse juvabit*.

Their reign, however, is entirely at an end ; for, certainly very much to his honor, his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, has put a stop to such scandalous proceedings, proceedings that would, if they had been unfortunately continued a little longer, have entirely ruined the British army, and driven from it every man of the least respectability.

In revising these remarks, it appears *possible* that they may be considered as reflecting upon Lord A—H—ST ; but it must be recollected, that his Lordship received his instructions from the

We shall A-H--ST remove, then in claret you'll quaff  
 To my health as a General at least ON THE STAFF!  
 For judgment is not as was formerly thought  
 By practice, but by inspiration, Love, caught,  
 By skimming the surface of Tactic D—ND—S,  
 And entering more deep into fam'd Mother GLASSE,  
 For a Chieftain, dear Girl, should most clearly be able  
 To name all the luxuries plac'd on his table;  
 Then with martial endowments, well blended together,  
 Long fash, crooked fabre, and eighteen inch feather,  
 Tight leathers, short boots, see me fully equipt,  
 And I safe may for Portsmouth, or Brighton be shipt;  
 And to sum up a General's comforts in fine,  
 If requested *to serve*, he may safely *decline*.  
 For now-a-days, Girl, in an age thus refin'd,  
 No sensible man a few whispers will mind;  
 And a broiling hot climate, I boldly declare it,  
 A jaundic'd complexion!—I never could bear it.  
 My maxim is, has been, and ever shall be,  
 That there's nothing like *Otium cum dignitaté*;  
 And therefore old England, to guard from invasion,  
 The Home Staff I'll gain, with a little persuasion.  
*Six weeks* makes a Colonel—six years I can boast!  
 And surely 'tis fitting I now rule the roast.

---

War-Office, and much as he was known to disapprove of the plan, adopted by those who superintended that department, he was obliged to acquiesce.

This country is indebted to few men, more than to Lord A—H—ST, for his minute attention to its interests upon all occasions.



How pleasure will heighten your numberless charms,  
 When you see the swords drop, and the line present arms;  
 'Twill turn your poor head, simple lads, I'm afraid,  
 When you know that *to me* such great honours are paid;  
 Nor fancy I'm castles erecting in air,  
 These joys shall be mine, and these joys LUCY share,  
 While crowds will with wonder and envy behold  
 My love on her charger in scarlet and gold.  
 Such bliss is in store—but I've now to pursue  
 My Sketch, and tho' loath darker scenes bring to view;  
 To Truth having sworn an eternal allegiance,  
 And acted throughout, to her laws in obedience:  
 And thence my style varies, for black were the heart  
 Which bears in its country's misfortunes no part;  
 Thus sprightly or serious the notes of my lyre,  
 As that heart is impress'd and its feelings inspire;  
 Tho' link'd hand in hand, in the strictest alliance,  
 On MYNHEER's boasted courage we'd little reliance.  
 And Bois le Duc's fall had been fully expected,  
 As the natives\* were known to be all disaffected,  
 And the Governor's *honesty* much was suspected.

---

\* About this period, the Dutch Patriots openly avowed their principles, the Stadholder's party decreased daily, and the greatest dissensions prevailed in the principal towns of the United Provinces. The Dykes had been pierced, and the inundations round Bois le Duc succeeded in a great degree; but the French having taken *Crevecœur*, a small fortress on the Maes, between Bommel and Bois le Duc, commanding the sluices of the latter town, were enabled to draw off the water, bid defiance to the inundations, and form the investiture of the place. The bombardment had scarcely commenced when the

Crevecœur taken, the French had stol'n sily away,  
To turn our right flank—Via Fort St. André\*;

---

gates were thrown open, and the Governor, who was highly bribed, capitulated, (on the 9th of October.) Here too above 400 unfortunate Emigrants fell into the hands of their pitiless countrymen; they had endeavoured to escape in different disguises, but were most of them discovered, and unmercifully butchered, *en masse*, at the head of the French army.

\* The main body of the Duke of YORK's army crossed the Waal, on the 6th of October, at Nimeguen, leaving strong picquets on the southern side, extending along the whole front of the line. After the fall of *Crevecœur*, the French passing the Maes, immediately advanced upon *Fort St. André*. The Waal and Maes uniting at Gorcum, branch round the Bommel Waert, insulating *St. André* and *Vourn*. A rapid movement was therefore necessary, to prevent their pushing over the *Waal*. Accordingly the right wing of the British took up a position at *Op Hemert*, *Varick*, and the other villages (from Bommel towards Tiel.) *Fort St. André* was found in the enemy's possession, but easily retaken on the 11th: The Republicans returned to the attack on the 17th, and were once more unsuccessful.

On the 18th, however, their whole force pushed over the Maes, in different directions; and on the 19th, a desperate assault was made upon all the out posts of the Duke's right wing, between Nimeguen and Tiel. The picquet at Druitén, (which was the most advanced,) was defended by the Thirty-seventh Regiment, under the command of Major HOPE, for near four hours, when Appelthorn, the position on their left, occupied by a detachment of the Emigrant Hussars of Rohan, being forced, the British were obliged to retreat upon the Dyke, along the Banks of the *Waal*. Unfortunately a squadron of the enemy's Hussars, (mistaken for the Corps of Rohan,) was permitted to approach their line of march, and owing to the narrowness of the Dyke, the British regiment was driven off its sides, and

And thus crafty dogs, once possess'd of Bommel,  
 En masse on our rear, would have thunder'd Pell Mell;  
 But their deep-laid manœuvre we'd cause to suspect,  
 And the *Waal* cross'd in time, the Bommel to protect.

---

thrown into the greatest confusion by the enemy's charge. Lieut. WADMAN was dangerously wounded in the head, but has since recovered sufficiently to enjoy life in quiet retirement, though rendered totally incapable, (from having been trepanned,) of doing his duty as a soldier. Captains BAIRD, HENLEY, and DUFF, Lieutenants THOMPSON, COLQHOUN, MITCHELL, and MURRAY, with Quarter-Master DUXEL, were taken prisoners, (Captain DUFF, Lieuts. MITCHELL, and COLQHOUN, having been wounded.) The regiment lost its colours and field pieces, and not more than 50 men reached *Wurdt*, (a village within a mile and a half of Nimeguen,) where however great numbers of those men supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, arrived daily in straggling parties. The posts on the southern banks of the *Waal*, regarded as untenable, were abandoned; Gen. WALMODEN remaining at Nimeguen, with a corps of Hanoverians to defend that town, augmented by detachments from the British, under Gen. DE BOURG, and the army took up the different cantonments marked out for the defence of the *Waal*.

An additional reason for this movement was the intelligence that had been received of a republican army of 30,000 men, having passed the *Maes* between Rouremonde and Venlo. This force assaulting the Imperialists in front and flank, obliged them to fall back upon Cologne, abandoning the position they had taken up, for the defence of the Duchy of Juliers. Previous to this last defeat (which took place on the 2d of October) CLAIRFAIT had meditated a junction with the Duke of YORK's army, determined to risque a general engagement, to check the alarming progress of the invaders.



From St. André thus forc'd to decamp, they in haste  
 Broke ground, and strong works against Nimeguen plac'd.  
 These soon by a dashing fortie\* were destroy'd,  
 Which cover'd with laurels the troops we employ'd :

---

\* On the 4th of November, a part of the garrison of Nimeguen, consisting of the Eighth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Fifty-fifth, Sixty-third, and Seventy-eighth Regiments of British Infantry, with two battalions of Dutch troops, supported by the Seventh and Fifteenth British Light Dragoons, four Squadrons of Hanoverian Cavalry, and the Legion of Damas in the service of Holland, sallied, under Gen. DE BURGH, upon the enemy's works. The troops advanced under a very heavy fire, and leaping into the trenches, without drawing a single trigger, drove the besiegers from their position at the point of the bayonet, with a loss of 500 men. General DE BURGH was himself slightly wounded, 12 rank and file and 5 horses were killed, 1 field officer, 5 captains, 6 subalterns, 149 rank and file, and 14 horses wounded—1 serjeant and 19 privates missing. The officers wounded were Major MALCOLM of the Seventy-eighth, Captains BLAND of the Eighth, BRUCE and QUIN of the Fifty-fifth, M'KENSIE and HUGH MONRO of the Seventy-eighth, Lieuts. BAKER of the Twenty-seventh, WEMYSS, BARCKLEY, and RUTLEDGE, of the Sixty-third, with Lieut. BAYLEY and Ensign CAMERON of the Seventy-eighth. The Hanoverians and Dutch had 1 captain, 1 subaltern, and 5 rank and file killed, 4 rank and file and 22 horses wounded. On the 6th, however, the French opened two batteries on the bridge of boats, and one on the town, when the artillery of the Reserve, British, Hanoverians, and Hessians, passed the Waal, and marched towards Thiel, leaving picquets to the amount of 2,500 men, under the command of Major General DE BURGH, which, with the Dutch, was accounted a sufficient force to maintain the place, till the Austrian movements could be ascertained.

Yet tho' true British spirit our Soldiers display'd,  
 Tho' carnage most horrid their bayonets made,  
 Again we perceiv'd the French batteries complete,  
 Which forced us still nearer the Rhine to retreat,  
 DE BURGH\* and his men, 'midst a horrible roar  
 Of cannon and musquetry, safe reach'd the shore;  
 But, alas! while attempting the same course to steer,  
 'Midst his foes a chance shot brought poor crest-fall'n

MYNHEER;

Depriv'd of all guidance, the stream rushing down,  
 Dash'd his bridge with a shock on the walls of the town.

All our troops into snug warm cantonments† are sent,  
 And a camp to protect them is trac'd out at *Lent*,

About this period, the British army was reinforced by four regiments of infantry, which had been landed at Flushing, viz. Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-fourth, and Eighty-fifth.

\* Nimeguen was entirely abandoned on Friday night, the 7th of November. The British and Hanoverians having effected their retreat, burnt the bridge of boats down to the water's edge. About 600 Dutch were left to pass over on a temporary flying bridge.—They had nearly effected a safe landing, when a chance shot from a French battery on the opposite side of the river, carried away the mast to which the hawser (or chain) was attached, on which the flying-bridge depended; and it consequently swung round, and was hurried by the mercy of the current towards the town. The troops upon it, ere they could by any means obtain a parley, suffered severely from the incessant fire brought to bear upon them.

† The Dutch head-quarters were now fixed at Gorcum, the great object being to protect Bommel, against which fortress the French bent all their force. The cantonments marked out for the Duke of YORK's army, (the *right* wing communicating with the Prince of ORANGE's *left*) extended along the north-

Where batteries of heavy guns frowning appear,  
To check the invaders who press on their rear.

---

ern banks of the Waal, as far as Emmerick; the British having moved to the left of Tiel, the different troops occupied nearly all the villages between the Rhine and the Waal, within the limits of their line. Five regiments were encamped, or rather hutted, at *Uent*, nearly opposite to Nimeguen, where formidable batteries were erected to keep the French garrison in check. In general, these cantonments were tolerably good; the officers being in neat Dutch cottages, and the soldiers in roomy comfortable barns. The frost had set in very early, and its first approaches were marked by the great numbers of men who fell sick so rapidly, that several of the battalions could scarcely muster one half of their numbers, fit for duty.

A serious engagement had taken place in the Duchy of Cleves, between a column of 4,000 Austrians, which had crossed the Rhine near *Burick*, and a French corps of superior force, under Gen. VANDAM. The Austrians were forced to recross the river with a loss of 2,500 men; and, but for the well-directed fire of the Rhine Fort, their whole column must have been inevitably cut to pieces.

The army of the Moselle pouring down upon the Allies in the *Electorate of Treves*, and the Duchy of *Deux-Ponts*, seized upon *Oberstein*, *Kirn*, *Sponheim*, and *Kreutznach*, between the 10th and 15th of October: That of the Rhine, upon its advancing gained *Turkheim*, *Grunstatt*, *Gelheim*, and *Kirchheim*.

Frankenthal surrendered to the French Gen. FERRAND, the 18th, and that same evening he also became master of the Episcopal City of *Worms*. *Bingen* opened its gates on the 20th, and *Coblentz* on the 23d. *Venlo* capitulated on the 26th, and on the 4th of November *Maastricht* surrendered. The Governor, more anxious to procure favourable terms, than to stop the formidable progress of the enemy, gave up the fortresses, without making a proper resistance.

Thus the whole country of Germany on the left banks of the Rhine, excepting Mayence (or Mentz) fell into the hands



We shall now to Dame H—RC—T our veterans commend,  
And leave *her* the Banks of the Rhine to defend.

---

of the enterprizing and indefatigable Republicans. Louis the XIVth, who possessed the most restless, insatiable, and inordinate ambition, had ever been desirous of establishing the RHINE as the boundary of his dominions: what that great Monarch could never bring about, was thus accomplished by an illegal and usurping faction. So wonderful are the resources of FRANCE when requisitionally called forth!

The behaviour of the garrison of *Venlo*, amounting only to 1,200 men, was uncommonly noble. On the 15th of October, the place was completely invested, and on the 21st, the French had advanced their works within pistol-shot of the palisadoes of the covert way, before the gateway leading to Ruremonde. A sortie was therefore immediately determined upon; and a detachment of 130 volunteers, led on by *Capt. Rossi*, of the Regiment of Panhuys, with a small division of cavalry, executed that perilous duty, with as much valour as success; driving the French from their advanced works, and pursuing beyond their first line of entrenchments, while the pioneers leveled and destroyed the others. *Capt. Rossi* had 3 officers wounded, and 59 rank and file killed and wounded, and brought back with him, a French officer and 4 men, prisoners. The enemy however very soon re-established their works, and pushed them on with such activity, that on the 23d, the garrison being reduced to 950 men, the outworks were abandoned, and the defence confined to the body of the place. The town was summoned on the 24th, and the garrison offering to capitulate, if allowed to serve against the enemies of the United Netherlands, surrendered, after obtaining those honourable terms. Grave had been long and closely besieged, and the most spirited defence was made by the garrison; the Governor Gen. *Bons*, seeming determined to act up to the noble answer he had given, when summoned to surrender the place—"I am an old soldier, and wish for nothing more, than to die worthy of the glo-

Brave fellows ! farewell : tho' to Lucy I fly,  
I quit my companions in arms, with a sigh.

---

“ rious appellation of having lived a *brave one* ; I hope to be  
“ buried under the ruins of this fortress, or to conquer :—Be  
“ assured, I shall defend it—as long as I have powder suffi-  
“ cient to send a ball against the enemies of mankind, and in  
“ so doing, I shall serve my God and my fellow creatures.”

*Nimeugen, Bois le Duc*, and the whole country surrounding Grave, from Breda to the Waal, being in the enemy's possession, its certain fall was easily foreseen ; and it was evident, that the inundations, which were by no means as general as the nature of the country would have allowed, could alone prevent the Republicans from gaining the entire possession of the United Provinces.

Much has been said, and with truth, of the want of discipline that existed among the British troops ; but a detail of the shameful treatment they experienced in their different marches through Holland, which was to them, “ indeed a hostile shore !” would in some measure account for their taking by force those necessaries, which our *good and faithful* ALLIES refused to supply them with for money. The implacable hatred evinced by the Dutch towards the English, can scarcely be conceived ; extending even beyond the grave. They have been known to dig up the dead bodies of British soldiers in the night, to mutilate and deface them with the long *assassin's knives*, which all of them conceal about their persons, and to leave them in that state for their former comrades to feast their eyes upon the next morning.

When the van-guard of the Duke's army crossed the Waal on the 6th of October, approaching the villages marked out for their cantonments, one of the drummers entered a Dutchman's house upon the side of the Dyke, to purchase some apples, exposed, as he imagined, for sale. The fellow supposing the

lad's intention was to steal them, aimed a pistol at his breast, and discharging its contents, wounded him severely.

A serjeant of the flank battalion of Guards (which was marching by at that moment) darted towards the house to secure the offender: Finding the doors closely barricadoed, he forced his way through a window, and was proceeding up the staircase, when the Dutchman sprung from a dark corner and stabbed him to the heart. The house was instantly surrounded, and set on fire by the enraged soldiers; one man escaped along the thatch enveloped in the smoke; but the rascal who had killed the serjeant, was fortunately discovered, and hung upon the nearest tree, an example to his dastardly countrymen. Can we wonder then, that the most inveterate hatred was kindled in the breast of every soldier, whose hard fate it was to retreat through Holland, against such savage brutes in human forms!—These were however but preludes to still greater atrocities, still more inhuman and barbarous instances of cruelty exercised upon the sick and helpless.

Short was the triumph of the Spaniards; the right wing of the French army of the Eastern Pyrennees, obtained a complete victory over the left of the army of Catalonia, forcing their camp on the 17th of November; the Republicans carried off their artillery baggage, and above 100 prisoners. *Dugommier*, the Commander in Chief of the French army in that department, was killed.

On the 20th, the Conventional troops, *as usual*, following up their blows, renewed their attacks; an engagement ensued, and the slaughter was most dreadful. The Spanish positions, entrenchments, redoubts, and camps, were all forced, and *tents* for 50,000 men (according to the returns given in to the Convention) fell into the hands of the enemy, with innumerable pieces of ordnance. No prisoners were taken but all were barbarously and indiscriminately put to the sword, and Gen. Count DE LA UNION, the Spanish Commander in Chief, was found amongst the dead upon the field of battle. The Spaniards rallied, and attempted to make a stand at *Liers*, where they had an entrenched camp under the cannon of the castle of Fi-



guera, but, driven from that position, they fell back several leagues, and on the 28th, *Figuera* surrendered, when the garrison, amounting to *upwards* of 9,000 men, laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war. The French army of the Western Pyrennees was also victorious, and it was apprehended that Upper Navarre, and Pampeluna, its capital, must ultimately fall into the hands of the Republicans; who thus, in one campaign, not only cleared their own frontiers, but in every direction were penetrating into the territories of their neighbours.

---

A  
CONCISE NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
RETREAT THROUGH HOLLAND,  
TO  
WESTPHALIA,  
IN THE YEARS 1794, AND 1795,

---

*Quis talia fando temperet à Lacrymis?*

---

THE brilliant conquests of the Allies were thus wrested from their hands in a manner unequalled in the annals of history. The finest and highest disciplined troops in Europe forced to retreat, wearied out and panic-struck, before raw and inexperienced soldiers, whom they had unhappily been *taught* to despise, and to regard as hordes of banditti, unable to make the smallest resistance against the veterans of Bohemia and Hungary. CLAIRFAIT had alone opposed the formidable progress of the enemy, though left entirely unsupported, and exposed to the weight of their attacks, with a force totally inadequate to contend with the unprecedented disparity of numbers, continually pouring down upon his handful of men. That unfortunate but truly brave General experienced a series of the most lamentable defeats, while his Imperial Majesty, elated with his success before an in-

significant fortrefs\*, was pushing into the heart of an hostile country, leaving his rear unprotected, his retreat insecure, and his own territories exposed to invasion. Are we not still smarting under misfortunes, the consequence of such unexampled imprudence ?

PICHEGRU had gained a footing in Holland, that it was evident would, by the aid of his staunch friends the Dutch Patriots, ultimately put the whole of the United Provinces into his possession. It is true, that the enormous sum of 320 millions† sterling, had been drawn forth from their National treasures, to enable the French Convention, to keep on foot the vast armies they had levied ; but the unwarrantable seizure of private property in the Interior, the contributions exacted from the conquered countries ; the Jewels, Crostiers, and Silver Images, wrested violently from the Churches and Convents ; and above all, the abundant harvest,‡ of which they at that critical moment stood so much in need, must in a great measure have reimbursed them.

Such was the short-sighted policy of the States-General, that they imagined they could negotiate a separate peace, while the French were upon the eve of reaping the golden fruits of past labours ; regardless of every treaty, unmindful of every obligation they lay under to Great-Britain, for entering into an expensive war, avowedly to

---

\* Landrecies.

† During the Campaigns of 1793 and 1794.

‡ Gathered immediately upon their entrance into Flanders.



protect their country from invasion, and to secure to them the advantages they derived from the uninterrupted navigation, of the Scheldt; Dutch Ambassadors were sent to beseech the ruling Faction at Paris would vouchsafe to grant them such terms, as their known *good faith* and *generosity* should dictate. The Convention cajoled their dejected Petitioners with promises of attending to their request, lulling them into a state of apparent security, and dispatching at the same moment positive orders to their Generals \*, to force at all events the passage of *The Waal*, and to penetrate immediately to Amsterdam; depending for success on the known disaffection of more than two thirds of the inhabitants to the Orange Family, which they justly expected would accelerate their advances, more than the most formidable inundations could possibly check their progress. In this opinion they were fully confirmed by the frequent invitations† sent from

---

\* PICHEGRU, who is certainly in possession of more humane and gentleman like ideas, than usually fall to the lot of the French generals of the present day was disinterested and candid enough, when the Dutch Ambassadors were proceeding to Paris from Bois le Duc, to communicate to them his orders to pass the Waal, and to hint that their journey, would be fruitless.

† One of those enterprising messengers from the disaffected Patriots, was fortunately discovered on the 4th of December, attempting to cross the Waal; and an address was found upon him, signed by 3,000 of the principal inhabitants of AMSTERDAM, promising to use every effort in their power, to put that city into PICHEGRU's hands, and encouraging the French to push forwards without delay. This daring adventurer was apprehended by an Hanoverian officer, while endeavouring to

the principal towns in Holland, accompanied with promises of a cordial reception.

The sickness of the army encreased with the extreme severity of the weather, and the total inattention to the comforts and convenience of our suffering fellow-creatures, rendered their situation pitiable in the extreme. Invalids were constantly sent to the general Hospital at *Rhenen*, without any previous orders having been issued to prepare for their reception, so that no proper accommodations could possibly be provided for them. They were usually conveyed in *Bilanders*\* along the Rhine, from Arnheim, without even a sufficient supply of provisions; and it is a notorious fact, that, *at one time*, above 500 miserable objects were embarked with only a single hospital mate to *attend them*; with scarcely any covering, and with a very scanty allowance of straw. Not *one of them* had been expected, and there was *consequently* no room for them in the hospital. A gentleman, who was daily an eye witness of those heart-rending scenes exhibited at RHENEN, previous to the removal of the suffering invalids, declared that he one morning counted *two and forty* dead bodies on the banks

---

strike a good bargain with a Skipper, who demanded forty ducats for conveying him across the river. The Ambassador imagined twenty a sufficient bribe, and lost his life in endeavouring to save a paltry sum. So strongly is the love of Gold engrafted in a Dutchman's disposition.

\* Small vessels with two masts, usually employed upon the Rhine, to convey forage, baggage, &c.

of the river, of men who had perished on board the *Billanders*, where they had been left, because, as he was repeatedly told, there were *then* no quarters to be met with for them *in the Town*. Abuses unheard of in any former war existed in almost every department; and our helpless countrymen were given up to the mercy of surgeons' mates, furnished by a *cheap contract*, and *Deputy Commissaries*, whose interest it appeared to deprive them of every *shadow* of enjoyment. The enormous sum of forty thousand pounds\* sterling had been drawn for, to supply the sick with wine; and such was the infamous behaviour of the *Medical Staff*, that the surgeons and mates are very much belied indeed, if they were not, *many of them*, in the constant habits of *robbing the Sick*, and of applying that necessary article to their own use; preferring the pleasure of carousing over flaggons of heady Port, to the *drudgery* of alleviating the pangs of miserable and afflicted patients, whose hard fate placed them under the hands of such ignorant and such inhuman butchers†. When we consider how many brave men were thus sacrificed, and that from fifteen to twenty guineas bounty money was at that time publicly offered for recruits, would it not have been more economical in Government, to have employed *Rush*, *Lind*, and other respectable men, who offered their services at the commencement of the war, but whose demands were deemed

---

\* During the Campaign of 1794.

† When a soldier fell sick, and was ordered to the hospital, his comrade would exclaim, "Ah, poor fellow, we shall see thee no more, for thou art under orders for *the Shambles*."



exorbitant, than to have imported, at so much per head, such numbers of unexperienced pretenders to a science above their comprehension, who scarcely knew in which hand to hold a lancet, or in what manner to fix a tournequet ?

On the 7th of December, the French made their first unsuccessful effort to pass the Waal on four rafts, two of which were sunk ; the third floated to the side occupied by the Dutch, and only one regained that in possession of the Conventionlists. On the 11th, they renewed their attempts, crossing in boats, and on rafts, in different directions, to the number of 5,000 men. A Detachment, consisting of about 200, at day-break, favoured by a thick fog, succeeded in surprizing an Hanoverian picquet, stationed at *Panneren* : possessing themselves of a battery, they spiked the guns\*, and *immediately* retired with only the loss of a single man. Gen. VAN BUSCHE immediately collected four of his battalions, and advanced upon the post. The enemy however had recrossed the river ; that brave and experienced veteran unfortunately lost his life, by a chance shot from one of the redoubts on the opposite shore. The Republicans at the same time attempted to cross over between Nimeguen and Emerick, where the Austrians were posted ; who, perceiving their intention, permitted them to reach the middle of the river, and then suddenly opening all their bat-

---

\* Spiked three guns, and threw the fourth into the water. Major BACHMEISTER, of the Regiment of Saxe Gotha, and about fourteen Hanoverians, were killed, in their endeavour to repulse the enemy.

teries, sunk the greater part of the boats; and numbers of those men who escaped from the tremendous fire thus brought to bear upon them, were drowned in their endeavours to regain the shore. They were repulsed also at Fort St. André, by the loyal Emigrants, nor did they succeed in forcing any one of the points against which their attacks had been directed.

On the 15th of December, the hard frost\* set in, and on the 22d was so uncommonly intense, that the Maes and Waal were nearly frozen over. This circumstance, so favourable to the French, besieging a country, relying chiefly on its inundations for security, would not, it was evident, be neglected for a moment by a General, so thoroughly enterprizing as their Commander in Chief; and accordingly, on the 27th of December, at half-past five in the morning, a strong column passed the Maes, near the village of *Driel*, and became masters of the Bommel Waert. Conceiving it impracticable to defend *Bommel*, the Dutch in Garrison, attempted to cross *the Waal*, but could not fully succeed, and parts of the Regiments of ORANGE, FRIESLAND, HOHENLOHE, and a Swiss Corps, posted near St. André and Roscum, fell into the hands of the Republicans, as well as six gun-

---

\* One of the bridges over the Rhine at Arnheim was carried away by the weight of ice floating down that river. So rigorous a season had not been experienced since the year 1739, when the Waal and Rhine were frozen nearly about the same time, and heavy cannon transported on the ice, over various branches of each river.

boats, and two hospital-ships, that were frozen up. As the ice was strong enough for their troops with artillery to pass over in every direction, they then established themselves between the Waal and Leck, in the *Tieler Waert*\*, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Gorcum and Culenbergh; a serious attack to force them to recross the Waal, was therefore determined upon. For which purpose ten battalions of British Infantry were divided into Brigades, under Major Gen. Lord CATHCART, Major Gen. GORDON, and Col. M'KENSIE, with Six Squadrons of Light Cavalry, and 150 Hussars of Rohan. The whole commanded by Major Gen. DAVID DUNDAS, co-operating with Four Squadrons, and as many Battalions of Hessians. This force, amounting to about 6,500 Infantry and 1,000 horse, advanced in three columns. The right was ordered to keep its left wing appuyé to the river *Vlet*, to turn Thuyt, and attacking the rear of that village, cut off the enemy's retreat; while the centre and left were to attack by the Dyke, keeping the Church of Wardenburg on the left wing. Accordingly, Lord CATHCART's column (the right) struck off from the Remainder of the British troops at Geldermalsen, and Gen. DUNDAS fell in, at day-break on the 30th, with the Hessians, near Wardenburg, and finding the French had precipitately abandoned that village during the night, immediately pushed on to Thuyt,

---

\* At the same time the posts between Bois le Duc and Gertruydenberg were forced, and the Dutch troops in that quarter driven under cover of the ramparts of the latter town, while those from the lines of Hout fell back upon Breda.



attacking that post with such impetuosity, that notwithstanding its natural strength, the Abbatis by which it was protected, the batteries of the town of Bommel, which flanked the approach, and the considerable number of men defending it, they carried\* it at the point of the bayonet, and the Republicans were driven across the river, with the loss of a considerable number of their men, and four pieces of artillery.

On the 1st of January, the army took up different positions between the Waal and the Leck, protecting *Tiel*, *Buren*, and *Culenberg*: the Hanoverians occupying the

---

\* On the 30th, Major MURRAY, of the Seventy-eighth, was unfortunately killed, and 5 rank and file. Lieut. LINSEY, 1 drummer, and 18 rank and file were wounded. The Hessians lost 1 Captain, and 25 men wounded, and 1 Lieutenant missing; they advanced upon the position between Waerdenberg and Thuyl, with fixed bayonets, and planted four guns upon the Dyke, to keep the French, drawn up on the opposite shore, in check, and to annoy their adversaries in their retreat. The British cavalry at the same moment charged the Hussars Rouge, (*de la Liberté*) and dispersing them on the first onset, made several prisoners. Lord CATHCART's column, owing to the extreme intricacy of the road by which it was ordered to advance, could not possibly be brought up to the point of attack in time.

Grave surrendered between the 1st and 4th of January. Gen. BONS defended the fortress as he had promised, till his last shot was expended. During the siege it was said that 3,070 shells were thrown into the place, rendering it nearly a heap of ashes. The fortifications were not however much damaged, but the troops in garrison were constrained to capitulate, from a total want of provisions, as well as ammunition.

cantonments opposite to Nimeguen, and the Austrians bearing down towards Emmerick ; on the 3d, head-quarters, were moved from Arnheim to Ameringen : The increasing severity of the weather, however, induced the French, on the 4th, to repass the Waal near Bommel, when they again took possession of Thuyl ; and the British troops in that direction, under Major Gen. DUNDAS, fell back upon Meteren. Orders were immediately given to join the Hessians, and to use every possible effort to force the enemy to recross the *Waal*. A general attack was accordingly intended to have taken place at day-break on the fifth ; but the French, acquainted at all times with every plan meditated by the Allies, by ten o'clock were seen advancing in such force, that they instantly carried the post of Geldermalsen, where they gained two pieces of cannon ; but upon the British reserve coming up, the guns were retaken\*, and the post

---

\* The Republicans, on the 5th of January, were driven under cover of the ramparts of *Bommel* ; Major Gen. Sir Robert LAWRIE was slightly wounded by a French Hussar, who darted from the ranks, and aimed a Coup de Sabre at his head. At the same moment an officer, and a few drunken men, in a fit of enthusiasm, brandishing their swords, dashed into the midst of the British troops, and till the momentary valour kindled in their hearts, by *Liberté*, and *Bon Geneve* evaporated, they would most probably with equal intrepidity have assaulted the whole of WALMODEN's army. Captains ELLIOTT of the Thirty-third, DUNCAN MUNRO of the Seventy-eighth, and Lieut. COLIN LA MOTTE of the Forty-second, were wounded ; 3 privates were killed, and 1 horse—1 serjeant, 6 rank and file, and 9 horses, missing.

preserved; the troops however fell back during the night upon Buren.

It was now determined by a council of war, to abandon the position on the Waal entirely, accordingly several heavy guns having been spiked, and great quantities of ammunition destroyed on the 4th, the troops on the 6th, fell back upon the Leck, part of the army crossing the Rhine at *Rhenen*; a sudden thaw unexpectedly affording some prospect of preserving the posts on the Waal, orders were immediately issued to the troops who had not passed the rivers, to remain in their cantonments, and for the others to *countermarch*. Lieut. Gen. ABERCROMBIE'S, and Major Gen. HAMMERSTIEN'S Corps, with some Austrian Battalions, were to have pushed forwards towards *Bommel* on the 7th, and, to co-operate with them, Gen. DUNDAS was directed to occupy Buren and the Heights near it, early on the morning of the 8th. The Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh Regiments were immediately detached from Culenberg, to retake Tiel; but on their arrival near Buren, they found the enemy advancing upon them *in force*; and Lieut. Col. BULLER immediately took possession of the town, waiting till the arrival of the head of Gen. DUNDAS'S column, when Lord CATHCART having previously reconnoitered, finding the detachment of the enemy at Geldermalsen did not exceed 800 men, with some Hussars, and one piece of artillery, immediately determined to dislodge them. This was effected in a very spirited manner, by the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh Regiments; driving in the advanced posts at *Buremalsen*,



they pursued to Geldermalsen\*, and carried that village at the point of the bayonet, seizing upon the French gun; a long eight pounder. It was however absolutely necessary for them to make as expeditious a retreat as possible, which was accomplished in a steady and soldier-like manner, covered by the Twenty-eighth Regiment.

After this skirmish, which though unsuccessful, reflected the highest honour upon the troops engaged in it, the whole army was ordered to pass the Rhine and Leck, (different names given to the same river, springing from one source) and to take up a position, extending from Culenberg to Wagenheim, previously occupied by the Austrians, who were now advancing to form a line in

---

\* A small detachment of the British Hulus were the only cavalry engaged on the 8th; they pursued the French to Buremalsen, charged across the Lingen, *on the ice*, with the most daring intrepidity, and brought off several prisoners. The British and French at *Geldermalsen* repulsed each other *four times* in the course of the day, and the gun that was taken by the Twenty-seventh, was sunk from the ice breaking under it. Lieut. Col. BULLER of the Twenty-seventh, was mortally wounded. Lieuts. CONNER, NORBURY, and Ensign KELLEY, of the same regiment, were killed upon the spot. Lieut. Cols. GILMAN of the Twenty-seventh, and HOPE of the Fourteenth, were wounded, the latter very severely, (but he has since recovered;) also Brigade Major WILSON of the Twenty-seventh, Capt. PERRY of the Fourteenth, and Lieut. RAITT of the Forty-second, 11 rank and file, and 3 horses were killed; 3 serjeants, and 111 rank and file wounded, and 7 missing. Capt. PERRY's wound proved mortal.

front of, and parallel to the British, Hanoverians, and Hessians, between the Waal and Rhine. The picquets however not having been called in on the 10th, the French advanced, and a general attack was made upon WALMODEN's position, between Nimeguen and Arnheim. Heusden, a village close to the Southern Banks of the Rhine, occupied by the Fortieth, Fifty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth British Regiments, brigaded under Major Gen. COATS, was carried, after an action which lasted four hours; the Fifty-ninth Regiment was so situated as to be entirely exposed to the enemy's fire, and consequently suffered most severely\*.

From that moment Holland was abandoned to its fate, as it was determined that the British troops and their auxiliaries should not risque any further engagements, unless molested during their retreat; the situation of the Prince of ORANGE at Gorcum, became therefore ex-

---

\* Capt. VAUGHAN, Lieut. WATTS, and Ensign JONES of the Fifty-ninth, were wounded on the 10th, and Lieuts. WALKER and LEGG of the Royal Artillery. The Fortieth Regiment had only 2 rank and file wounded, and 1 missing—Fifty-ninth, 3 killed, 3 serjeants, 1 drummer, and 27 men wounded, 2 missing—Seventy-ninth, 1 serjeant wounded, 8 rank and file missing. An attack was intended to have been made upon the Republicans on the 10th, but, upon their advancing against Heusden, the idea was abandoned, and the greater part of WALMODEN's army ordered to pass the Rhine. Most of the troops were unable to procure cantonments, and passed the night under the open tobacco sheds. The Hanoverians suffered very severely, in a serious assault made *the same* day, upon their position, opposite to Nimeguen.

tremely critical, as the French were in possession of the whole of the *Tieller Waert*. The Stadholder had in vain endeavoured, by offering immense rewards, to induce the inhabitants\* of the United Provinces, to rise in mass; and vigorously to defend the lines of Greb, as the only remaining chance of preventing the French from entirely over-running their country. Preparations were then made to pass the *Yffel*, but before any movement could possibly take place, the French following up their blows, on the 14th, made a general attack upon the posts still retained between the Waal and Rhine, extending from Arnheim to Ameringen. Failing in every attempt, they were repulsed by the advanced picquets of the guards, opposite to *Rhenen*†, against which place their chief efforts were directed. The behaviour of the British troops has at all times been noble, and was on this occasion peculiarly spirited, as was also that of the Emigrant Regiment, of *Salm Infanterie*, engaged with them. The

---

\* How could it possibly be expected that they would rally and rise *en masse*, when two thirds were *avowedly* disaffected? At this period every individual in Holland, possessed of property to the least amount, anxious to preserve it, from the approaching gripe of the insatiable Republicans, escaped either to Great Britain or to Germany, and the enormous sums invested in the English funds by the Dutch Fugitives, plainly shewed that the Bank of Amsterdam would not yield that rich booty, the Conventionalists expected. It was indeed generally supposed, that not more than £200,000 sterling remained there *in specie*.

† Upon this occasion, Lieut. Col. LESLIE, and Capt. WHEATLEY, of the First Regiment of Guards, were slightly wounded, and about 20 rank and file.



picquets were expeditiously drawn in after this affair, and the army began its retreat from the heights of Rhenen, at midnight\*.

The general orders issued at this time for the removal of the sick, proved a death warrant to numberless helpless and miserable† objects. A description circumstantially detailed of their poignant sufferings, during the retreat to Deventer, would form a Tale, "whose lightest word would harrow up the soul," and make the blood run cold with horror. Constantly removed in open waggons, exposed to the intense severity of the weather, to drifting snow, and heavy falls of sleet and rain; frequently without any victuals, till the *army halted*, and then but scantily provided; littered down in cold churches, upon a short allowance of *dirty straw*; and few of them enjoying the comforts of even a single blanket, to repel the rigorous attacks of the night air; it is no wonder they expired, by hundreds, *Martyrs* to the most infamous and unpardonable neglect. Doubtless there were even at this period, worthy and respectable men in the medical department, whose conduct formed a striking contrast to that of those greedy wretches, infesting in such swarms, the general hospitals of the British army. Some, and but that it is

---

\* The Schuyts and Bilanders along the whole course of the Rhine, having been previously set on fire, on the 11th.

† About 300 sick men, totally incapable of moving, were left behind the army in the general hospital, at Rhenen, and by every account, received humane treatment at the hands of their enemies.

positively forbidden, (for *merit* is as easily discerned by the modesty that accompanies it, as ignorance is known by its constant attendants, vanity, and impudence) several could be named, whose daily employment consisted as far as they were able, in instilling oil and wine into the wounds of those afflicted invalids, fortunate enough to fall under their immediate care. The feeble voice from feverish lungs, has in its latest moments been employed to call down blessings on their heads, and what reward, could have been half so grateful? It appears scarcely necessary to remark, that those men were never known to join the noisy throng assembled in the inner room, where Bacchus, Jolly God! flushed every cheek, and Laughter, holding both his sides, stood sentry at the door.

The army on the 15th of January, passed the formidable lines of Greb, constructed in the years 1745, and 1746, for the protection of the United Provinces of Holland, and of Utrecht\*. The 16th, was a day more peculiarly marked by distressing scenes, than any other during the retreat. The troops were on that morning put in motion at day-break, with a view of reaching *Loonen*, a village distant about 23 miles from their position, near *Scarpenzael*: owing to the uncommon severity of the weather, and the snow, which laying deep upon the ground, was drifted in the faces of the men, by a strong easterly wind, they were so worn down by fatigue, that it

---

\* Extending along the Eastern Frontier of the Province of Utrecht.

was thought adviseable and necessary, to halt some of the regiments at two neighbouring villages, about nine miles short of their place of destination. The whole of the British could not however be possibly accommodated, and it was left to the discretion of the commanding officers of corps, to continue their march to Loonen, or to take up such situations as they could meet with in the hamlets on the road. Some of the regiments proceeded, even *after sun set*, with their baggage and field pieces, and consequently were entirely dispersed, as it was impossible to trace out any path-way over the dreary common. Great numbers of men unable to bear up against the fatigue they had undergone, and several women and children were frozen to death, in their attempts to discover the road their battalions had pursued. The whole of the Eighty-eighth Regiment was so scattered, that no return whatever could be given in of its strength the next morning, and the few straggling parties that joined, gave a very melancholy account of the main body.

An Officer of the Guards, who was ordered to *reconnoitre* the next morning, had more opportunities than any other person, of witnessing the dreadful consequences of the preceding night's march: The distressing account is therefore given, in his own words:

“ On the morning of the 17th, I was sent upon particular duty, to trace out a road over the common, by which the army and artillery might safely proceed to *Loonen*. When the party marched it was scarcely light, and as day broke in upon us, the horrible scenes



“ that it revealed, afforded a shocking proof of the mis-  
 “ ries of a Winter’s Campaign. On the common, about  
 “ half a mile off the high road, we discovered a baggage-  
 “ cart, with a team of *five horses*, apparently in distress;  
 “ I galloped towards the spot, and found the poor ani-  
 “ mals were stiff, but not dead; the hoar frost on their  
 “ manes, plainly shewing they had been there the whole  
 “ night. Not perceiving any driver with them, I struck  
 “ my sword repeatedly upon the canvas tilt, enquiring  
 “ at the same time, if there was any person in the cart.  
 “ At length, a very feeble voice, answered me, and some  
 “ one underneath the canvas appeared to be making an  
 “ effort to arise. A pair of naked *frost-nipt* legs were  
 “ then advanced, and the most miserable object I ever  
 “ beheld, sunk heavily upon the ground; the whole of  
 “ his cloathing so ragged and worn, that I can scarcely  
 “ say that he *was covered*. So stiff and frozen was this  
 “ miserable wretch, that he was by no means capable of  
 “ moving; he informed me that his regiment, the Fifty-  
 “ fourth, which he was following the preceding night,  
 “ had lost its road, and in turning into another, he found  
 “ his horses incapable of clearing the cart from the ruts,  
 “ and that himself and his two comrades were left behind  
 “ to proceed in the best manner they could: the two men  
 “ he spoke of were then lying dead in the cart, having  
 “ all three endeavoured to communicate to one another,  
 “ a degree of warmth, by creeping close together. We  
 “ placed the miserable survivor upon one of the horses of  
 “ his team, and led him forwards till joined by the batta-  
 “ lion; by that means his life was prolonged, yet, I fear,  
 “ but for a season; for when placed in the hospital, his

“ toes dropped off, frost bitten, and his mass of blood ap-  
 “ peared in a corrupted state. The whole of this day’s  
 “ march was marked by scenes of the most calamitous  
 “ nature, similar to the one that I have just recited. We  
 “ could not proceed a hundred yards, without perceiving  
 “ the dead bodies of men, women, children, and horses,  
 “ in every direction. One scene made an impression  
 “ upon my memory, which time will never be able to  
 “ efface. Near another cart, a little further on the com-  
 “ mon, we perceived a stout looking man, and a beautiful  
 “ young woman with an infant, about seven months old,  
 “ at the breast; all three, frozen, and dead. The mother  
 “ had most certainly expired in the act of suckling her  
 “ child, as with one breast exposed, she lay upon the drift-  
 “ ed snow, the milk, to all appearance in a stream, drawn  
 “ from the nipple by the babe, and instantly congealed.  
 “ The infant seemed as if its lips had but just then been  
 “ disengaged, and it reposed its little head upon the mo-  
 “ ther’s bosom, with an overflow of milk, *frozen* as it  
 “ trickled from the mouth; their countenances were  
 “ perfectly composed and fresh, resembling those of per-  
 “ sons in a sound and tranquil slumber. About fifty  
 “ yards advanced, was another dead man, with a bundle  
 “ of linen cloths and a few biscuits, evidently belonging  
 “ to the poor woman and child, and a little further, was  
 “ a horse lying down but not quite dead, with a couple of  
 “ panniers on his back, one of which contained, as we  
 “ discovered, the body of another child, about two years  
 “ of age, wrapped up in flannel and straw. This, as we  
 “ afterwards heard, was the whole of one family; a fer-  
 “ jeant’s wife of the Fifty-fifth, her brother, and child-

“ ren ; the man found with the horse and bundle, had  
 “ remained behind his regiment to assist them, during a  
 “ march thus memorable for its miseries. He had just  
 “ gained sight of a distant hamlet, where they might have  
 “ obtained a shelter from the inclemency of the weather,  
 “ when his strength failed him. The Commanding Of-  
 “ ficer of the Fifty-fifth, rode by at that critical mo-  
 “ ment, but too late to render them any service, and as  
 “ the battalions passed the spot, the troops were witnes-  
 “ ses in their turns of this melancholy scene.”

The retreat was continued\* through Loonen, Appeldorn, and Vaessen, to Deventer, and part of the army

---

\* The Princess of ORANGE, with her daughter-in-law, the Hereditary Prince's wife, about this period, were forced to fly precipitately from the United Provinces, and arrived safely in England on the 19th of January, with the plate, jewels, and archives of the family : The Stadholder and his two sons soon afterwards followed ; they had a very narrow escape, as some French Hussars entered the Hague on one side, while the Princes fled through the opposite gate, and the disaffected inhabitants were every where collecting in tumultuous crowds to prevent their departing. They reached Scheveling, barely in time to procure a boat, as the populace gathered on the shore to oppose their embarkation, and their escort, the Stadholder's Guards de Corps, were obliged to fire upon the gathering mob ; a serious conflict consequently ensued, in which several lives were lost.

Utrecht surrendered the 16th of January ; Rotterdam was taken possession of the 18th ; *Dort* the 19th ; and on the 20th, in the evening, PICHEGRU made his triumphal entry, at the head of the van of the French army of the North, into the city of Amsterdam. Feastings and rejoicings preceded the fatal



passed by a very elegant chateau at *Koningsloo*, belonging to the Prince of ORANGE, and memorable for having been a very favourite hunting seat of King WILLIAM'S. The 27th of January was marked by a decided thaw, but on the 29th, the frost again set in as violently as before; when the army proceeded towards Westphalia, arriving, after passing through the intermediate villages in different detachments, at Delden on the river Regge. On the 31st, they were halted and cantoned at Oldenzael, and along the Dutch Frontier. The troops were on the 5th of February, again put in motion, to approach the Episcopal State of Osnaburg, head-quarters having been previously established at *Rheine*; and great numbers of the sick, whose cases would not permit them to undergo the pain of a removal, were left behind at Deventer, Zwol, and Zutphen: when the magazines and stores, considered as too cumbersome to be conveyed in the lines of march, were all destroyed.

---

demands of heavy contributions, made so repeatedly upon the shallow-minded inhabitants of Holland—They were pressing *invited* by the French Commissioners at the Hague on the 27th, to supply their Conquerors with the necessary articles of *Wheat, Hay, Corn, Straw, Cloathing, and Oxen*, to the amount of £1,403,054 *sterling*. Such were the first greetings conveyed to them, under the impression of

Egalité  
 Unité    Liberté    Indivisibilité  
 Fraternité.

The main body of the army had *preceded* Gen. ABERCROMBIE's Corps, which (the Brigade of Guards forming a part) followed on the 6th, from Otmarfen, Nienhaus, and other villages in that direction, passing by the remarkable castle\* of Bentheim, to Schuttorp, where they were halted on the 10th, owing to a prodigious flood†, occasioned by a very sudden thaw. On the 12th, however,

---

\* The castle of Bentheim, standing upon a considerable eminence, is very difficult of access on all sides; it is said to have been mortgaged to Hanover, and will in that case devolve to the *Electeur* on the death of the present possessor. There were several very antique field pieces mounted in the ramparts, and when the army passed, the Hanoverians in garrison, were very busily employed in cutting fresh embrasseurs, and making every necessary preparation to defend it. It is accounted sufficiently formidable to delay the progress of an enemy for several days.

† The bridge over the river Vecht, at the extremity of the town of Scuttorp, having been choaked up with ice, there was not a sufficient space left open for the water to flow freely through the arch, consequently the *Chaussée*, and surrounding flat country, were completely *inundated*. The Flank Battalion and First Regiment of Guards passed through the water almost up to their knapsacks, and several of the men were nearly drowned, owing to the great difficulty they found of bearing up against the current, rushing violently over the causeway; add to this great quantities of the loosened ice had sunk, and adhering to the bottom, rendered their footing extremely precarious. It became therefore absolutely necessary to *break* the enormous masses of ice, and clear a passage for the waters through the bridge, to render the march of the main body with artillery and batt horses practicable, in which service the troops in Scuttorp were busily employed for two days.

they crossed the *Ems* at *Rheine*, and marching through the villages of Bevergen, Ippenburen, and the State of *Tecklenburg*, approached *Osnaburg*, where the headquarters of the army were established; part of the troops were stationed in the town, and the remainder cantoned\* in the miserable Boorshaps, or Hamlets of the country, in which were seen the farmer's whole live flock littered down with his family, in one large barn. Some few, more affluent than their neighbours, had, it is true, a small partition at one extremity, forming a kind of room, scarce worthy of the name; such instances of luxury, occurred but seldom; men, women, children, pigs, and poultry, usually wallowed together in filth and misery; yet the honest German Peasants, treated the foldiers with kindness and with hospitality; and the contrast they experienced on crossing the *Dutch Frontier*, was most peculiarly striking.

The enemy on the 24th of February, advanced upon the posts of Nienhaus, and Velthuys, occupied by the Loyal Emigrants, and a Detachment of Rohan and Bouillies Corps, forcing them, after an obstinate resistance, to fall back, with a loss of near 100 men in killed and wounded. Major Gen. ABERCROMBIE, who commanded in that vicinity, (at Bentheim) had made proper dispositions to re-occupy the posts; but on the 26th, the French retreated, directing their march towards *Hardenberg*, retiring precipitately from that post soon after, and at the same time abandoning their position in the Province of

---

\* At West Cappel, and the neighbouring villages.



Groningen; when their troops in that direction fell back upon Zwol. The different battalions following each other, pursued the same route, and were again in motion on the 4th of March, passing through Nienkircken, Achmer, Braams, Quakenbrugge, &c. inclining towards the state of Diepholt, and halting on the 7th.

The march of the division of troops, under Lord CATHCART, was attended with more difficulty than that of any other Detachment, during the retreat from the Rhine to the Ems. His Lordship's Brigade, consisting of Light Cavalry, the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Eightieth, and Eighty-fourth Regiments of Infantry, described a circuitous detour through West Friesland, along the confines of the Province of Groningen; entirely wide of the main body of the British army, and skirted by the Zuider Zee: proceeding upwards of 170 miles through that dreary country, with a view of ascertaining whether the minds of its inhabitants were tainted with the prevailing disaffection to the ORANGE family. Upon their arrival within about two leagues of Groningen, they received deputies from that city, offering to open the gates, but requesting that the troops might not enter, as *there were then two parties* in the town. The rear of his Lordship's Corps was continually harrassed by advanced parties of the enemy's; but the greater part of the detachment arrived safely on the right banks of the Ems, having crossed that river near Meppen\*.

---

\* The advanced picquets of Lord CATHCART's brigade, at *Burtanger Schans*, were driven in on the 27th of February,

About this period, 70,000 Prussians were reported to have been on full march for the protection of Westphalia; and the van of that army was actually in motion, their Sovereign declaring, he would strain every nerve to reinstate the Orange Family in Holland; though at that very moment he was perfidiously negotiating at Basle, a separate treaty of peace, and had, contrary to every stipulation with Great-Britain, truckled to the French Republic.

The gates of Breda, Williamstadt, and Gertruydenberg, were thrown open, by an order from the States' General; and the impregnable fortrefs of Bergenopzoom, capitulated also on the 2d of February, where the Eighty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, formed of about 600 undisciplined Hibernian *heroes*, had been left in garrison, and consequently fell into the hands of the Republicans. The whole Dutch army, consisting of about 14,000 men, were immediately disbanded or incorporated with the French troops; and the most exorbitant demands\* were made upon the inhabitants of Holland, by *invitations*; and where that gentle term was not sufficiently persuasive, by requisitions *à la Guillotine*.

---

but the French were then on their retreat, and fortunately did not pursue them. The Republicans in every direction during the whole of this retrograde march, kept hanging upon the rear of the troops covering the retreat.

\* The town of Gorcum *alone* was obliged to furnish the French troops with 4000lbs. of fresh meat every fourth day.

Rapid and brilliant as the successes of the French were at this period, we find the few places that made a steady resistance, held out longer than could have been expected, from the nature of their works; thus, Sluys, an insignificant fortress, kept the Republicans at bay for 27 days, after the opening of the trenches. Grave 32, and Rosas in Spain 69. Their efforts to reduce Mentz on the Rhine, and Pampeluna in Navarre, completely failed, and it is well worthy of remark, that those fortresses which made the least resistance were *the strongest*; for example, Le Quesnoi, Condé, and Valenciennes, in French Flanders, Figuera in Spain, and Bois le Duc\* in Holland. May we not therefore be justified in supposing, that French gold silenced the artillery on the ramparts, where French valour might possibly have failed? It was now determined to withdraw the British Infantry from Germany, as the certainty of his Prussian Majesty's intention to negotiate a separate peace, (in breach of every sacred promise, made to obtain his subsidy,) left no rea-

---

\* The surrender of Bois le Duc afforded the most infamous and bare-faced instance of treachery, perhaps ever known. That fortress, one of the strongest in the United Provinces, and from its situation, of the utmost importance to the Stadholder, was provided with every requisite to retard the progress of the enemy, and had gun-boats stationed round it on the inundations. Allowing that the waters were *in some degree* drawn off when Crevecoeur fell into the hands of the besiegers, there were still most formidable works, which must have held them long at bay. The precipitate flight of the governor, immediately after the capitulation of the place, was any other wanting, was certainly a sufficient proof of his having been highly bribed to throw open the gates upon the first summons.



sonable hopes of reinstating the Stadholder, at least by force of arms. Transports were accordingly stationed to receive the sick, and part of the troops at Embden, while the main body were ordered to embark at Bremer Lehe; for which purpose every necessary disposition was made, and the troops were again in motion on the 23d of March. Some apprehensions were at that time entertained for the safety of the Twelfth and Fortieth Regiments, as they had been at an advanced position; they however made good their retreat, and the Light Infantry and Grenadiers covering the march, the whole proceeded through Vecht, Wildhufen, and other villages in the States of Diepholt, and Delmenhorst, to Bremen; where they were quartered on the 27th. Between that period and the 10th of April, great numbers of men who had been *returned, missing*, and of those left sick behind the army, joined their respective regiments. It was then found that many of the soldiers, who had embarked with the first detachment from the Brigade of Guards, at Greenwich, on the 25th of February 1793, had borne up against the excessive fatigues they had undergone: but those raw recruits afterwards sent out, whose constitutions were scarcely formed, in general fell sick; and *unhappily* in the hands of those unskilful mates, and most unfeeling nurses in the general hospitals, but little chance remained of their recovery. The Fourteenth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-third Regiments, had suffered very severely; and most of the men brought back to England, had been sent out to them, as well as to many other regiments of the line, a short time previous to their embarkation.

The troops were very comfortably lodged, and well treated at Bremen, though claiming the privilege of a free town, the inhabitants at first objected to have soldiers quartered on them. On the 10th of April, the joyful movement towards the transports took place; and at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 14th, the different Brigades embarked for England. The Cavalry\* remaining on the left banks of the Wefer, to co-operate in the protection of Hanover.

His Catholic Majesty, following the example of the King of Prussia, has withdrawn himself from the coalition against the common enemy, and even ceded Saint Domingo to the rapacious Republicans. The possession of that important Island deemed indispensable, more blood must flow from British veins; and the flower of the country become perhaps a prey to the ravages of a pestilential fever†; thus are we treated on all sides, by the na-

---

\* They are since recalled, and not a British soldier now remains upon the Continent. In Germany the cavalry were hospitably treated by the inhabitants, abundantly supplied with provisions on very reasonable terms, and "faired sumptuously, every day." It must however have afforded them no little satisfaction, after so long an absence, to press once more their native soil, and, as a Brother Soldier, the Author of this Narrative, felt happy that the publication of the last Edition was delayed, as it afforded him an opportunity of congratulating many friends upon their safe arrival.

† Common justice to those who superintended the embarkation, calls upon us to remark, that no troops ever quitted England, better equipped for service in every particular than

tions with whom we were in strict alliance; yet surely it will afford every Englishman the highest satisfaction, when he reflects, that we have uniformly kept up to *our* engagements, and that the national character of the inhabitants of this highly favoured Isle, has never yet been lowered in the eyes of Europe. Even our enemies are compelled to respect and to fear us, and if we have perhaps *too much* credulity, it *certainly* arises from praiseworthy motives.

The French supposing themselves *invincible*, and wishing to establish their Winter Quarters on the right banks of the Rhine, forced daringly, at a very advanced season of the year, the passage of that river near the town of Dusseldorf; though at first successful in their attacks upon the Austrians, they have, (as was easily foreseen) found it highly expedient to retreat precipitately, and by the subsequent defeats their armies have sustained, it has been evidently proved, that the highly disciplined forces of his Imperial Majesty, under a General at once so able and experienced as Field Marshall CLARFAIT\*,

---

those who sailed with Admiral CHRISTIAN's Fleet to the West-Indies. As every precaution was taken to guard against the ravages of the yellow fever, great hopes may be certainly entertained that they will escape its virulent attacks; if so far fortunate, there can be little doubts of their success. Conquests in that quarter, as Great Britain is already mistress of the Seas, the War it is devoutly to be hoped will yet on our sides turn out most brilliant in its close.

\* The Resignation of their Commander in Chief must at this momentous crisis be evidently regarded by every man ac-



had sufficient energy remaining, to make them pay *most dearly* for their rash incursions into the territories of a Sovereign, *as yet* respected and beloved by the majority of his subjects. Though unprecedented success has for a length of time crowned the arms of the Convention, the consequences of the most trifling check they may experience at this critical moment, must encrease the grievous fore, which, rankling in the very heart of the Republic, will, (and most probably is now fast approaching,) break out and reduce the country to such extremities, as must render the majority of the people clamorous, and induce their present rulers, however con-

---

quainted with his talents, as the highest misfortune to *their Allies*, as well as the Austrians. Instead of looking up with confidence and satisfaction to an experienced Veteran; to a man whose very *defeats* have covered him with laurels (witness his Retreat from Flanders, in 1794) they are now to be led on by a youth who, however brilliant his abilities *by nature*; however copious his capacity; cannot by any means, unless induced by *Inspiration*, possess that practical knowledge of his profession required to render him equal to the discharge of duties *arduous* and *hazardous* beyond the power of language to describe. In may however on the other hand, be perhaps regarded fortunate, that at the very moment the Emperor is deprived of the abilities of his *long tried* and *faithful* General; by Court Cabals, and mean degrading jealousies; the French have also lost the guiding hand of PICHEGRU, his formidable, his persevering, and his successful opponent.

Though in no one instance to be placed upon a footing with CLAIRFAIT, it will be difficult for our enemies, fertile in raising up Commanders as they are, to call forth, from amidst their *swarming Heroes*, a man, "take him for all in all" by any means his equal.

trary\* to their wishes, to offer such terms to our Government, now avowedly ready to treat with France, as will enable them to conclude a secure and honourable peace: and may that peace so ardently desired, whenever it arrives, without lowering the dignity of the Empire, reinstate the inhabitants of Great Britain, in the full enjoyments of those blessings, (known only by a free country, under the limited sway of a mild and benevolent Monarch) of which, the most successful war must ever, while carried on *with vigour*, in some degree deprive the subject.

---

\* That it will be contrary to the wishes of the executive government of France to make peace with Great-Britain is obvious, while they can, by forced loans, and other compulsory measures, procure a supply of money to procrastinate the war. France originally declared war against Great-Britain; and France has never yet made overtures to put a period to hostilities; Monsieur MONERON, when he visited this country, was not, as has by many been supposed, authorised by the Directory to offer any terms whatever: yet surely when the olive-branch is held out to a nation groaning under miseries, increased each moment by demands upon the people, they must, after enduring to a certain point, rise in a mass, and force their rulers to accept it.

FINIS.

DIRECTIONS  
TO THE BINDER  
FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

---

VOLUME I.

Hungarian Foot Soldier, front figure, to face the Title.	
Favourite Amusement at Head Quarters, - - -	to face page - 109
Council of War interrupted, - - - - -	- 124

VOLUME II.

Hungarian Foot Soldier, back figure, to face the Title.	
How to throw an Army into Confusion, - - -	to face page - 46
Perils by Sea, - - - - -	- 60





